

THE LIVING AGE.

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THE HAPPY VALLEY.

I.

A SLOPING path between th' autumnal woods,
Where the pines breath'd an echo of far floods,
Led to a bank from which the ripe fern shook
Its speckled plumage o'er the winding brook.
I sat and list'ned in a sunny nook,
While at my feet the dead-ripe apple fell.
Lifting mine eyes from off an olden book
To wait each cadence of the clear sheep-bell,
That dropp'd in rills of music down the sombre dell.

II.

Around me fell th' unutterable rest
Of sunset, as beside the monarch's bed
Soft ev'ning wept, and on her own pure breast
Pillow'd 'mid rosy light his dying head.
A solitary blackbird, while day fled,
Sounded his golden whistle from the thorn,
Her thin white arms the ghostlike mist out-
spread,
The nut-brown partridge whirr'd along the
corn,
While peep'd above the trees the young moon's
iv'ry horn.

III.

I sat and list'ned; for such mystic scene
Of earthly rest I ne'er had dreamt before,
And much I marvell'd if what here had been,
Should lure us back, when on the far-off shore.
If led by angels from the pearly door,
We should alight upon this earth made new,
The same, and not the same we lov'd of yore,
Stamp'd with the signet of its God anew,
When mortal sin and grief had past for aye from
view.

IV.

In some such nook I pray'd my home might
be,
With all I ever lov'd in olden time;
Dwelling in love, a sinless company,
Among such scenes to build a nobler rhyme,
To tune the viewless wires to strains sublime!
Oh! blessed rest, to cease not day or night,
That wondrous song, while th' everlasting
chime
Pealing across each vale and gleamy height,
Proclaims th' eternal sabbath of the realms of
light.

V.

There, then, perchance, some face I once did
love
And lose amid the restlessness of earth,
With the soft pleading glances of a dove,
May whisper of the angels' sinless mirth,
Unfold the drama of this human birth,

Its wayward longings, passionate regrets,
Impatient snatchings at imagin'd worth—
And the vast heap of Heaven's forgotten
debts—

God! may we meet where no tear falls, joy
never sets.

VI.

It will not matter then who lov'd in vain,
Who for the wrong love cast away the true;
How each man wrought his robe of scorching
pain

Seeking the phantom bliss he never knew—
It will not matter—if among the few
We and our own sit by the crystal stream,
And watch our fitful life rise to our view,
Peopled with idol-shapes, a ghastly dream,
When Truth's eternal mountains grandly round
us gleam.

VII.

Who has not mark'd upon some careworn
face
The mem'ry of a better earlier day,
Something divine which sin might not efface,
A shred of beauty which would not decay?
Who has not long'd to win such soul to pray,
To charm across those features stern and wild
(Where, like the lightning, stormy passions
play)
The touching love-look of the little child,
Ere home had lost its light, or guilt the soul
defil'd?

VIII.

Or hast thou pac'd within some ruin'd fane,
Where at thy feet the saintly dead have slept,
And the night-wind awoke such touching pain,
As if an angel in the moonlight wept—
While the true ivy round the cloister crept,
Ling'ring to prove that Nature still lov'd on,
And o'er their grave a green memorial kept
Of those her scholars who, long dead and
gone,
Taught Art the smile of Truth, and breath'd
Life into stone.

IX.

I, too, feel some such yearning wish to cry
To earth in all her ruin'd loveliness:
The Lord forgives thy sin, thou shalt not die—
Hope on amid thy shame and dreariness—
Clasp his dear feet in thy strong love's ca-
ress—
He will not shrink from thy polluted touch—
Weep o'er their toil-stains, wipe them with
each tress;
Soon o'er thy brow a glorious Hope shall
flush,
"Forgiven many sins, because she lov'd much."
ALAN BRODRICK.
—Dublin University Magazine.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

THE FOUR GEORGES.

SKETCHES OF MANNERS, MORALS, COURT AND TOWN LIFE.

I.—GEORGE THE FIRST.

A VERY few years since, I knew familiarly a lady who had been asked in marriage by Horace Walpole; who had been patted on the head by George I. This lady had knocked at Johnson's door; had been intimate with Fox, the beautiful Georgina of Devonshire, and that brilliant Whig society of the reign of George III.; had known the Duchess of Queensberry, the patroness of Gay and Prior, the admired young beauty of the court of Queen Anne. I often thought, as I took my kind old friend's hand, how with it I held on to the old society of wits and men of the world. I could travel back for seven score years of time—have glimpses of Brummell, Selwyn, Chesterfield and the men of pleasure; of Walpole and Conway; of Johnson, Reynolds, Goldsmith; of North, Chatham, Newcastle; of the fair maids of honor of George II.'s court; of the German retainers of George I.'s; where Addison was secretary of state; where Dick Steele held a place; whither the great Marlborough came with his fiery spouse; when Pope and Swift and Bolingbroke yet lived and wrote. Of a society so vast, busy, brilliant, it is impossible in four brief chapters to give a complete notion; but we may peep here and there into that bygone world of the Georges, see what they and their courts were like; glance at the people round about them; look at past manners, fashions, pleasures, and contrast them with our own. I have to say thus much by way of preface, because the subject of these lectures have been misunderstood, and I have been taken to task for not having given grave historical treatises, which it never was my intention to attempt. Not about battles, about politics, about statesmen and measures of state, did I ever think to lecture you: but to sketch the manners and life of the old world; to amuse for a few hours with talk about the old society; and, with the result of many a day's and night's pleasant reading, to try and wile away a few winter evenings for my hearers.

Among the German princes who sat under Luther at Wittenberg, was Duke Ernest of Celle, whose younger son, William of Lüneburg, was the progenitor of the illustrious Hanoverian house at present reigning in Great Britain. Duke William held his court at Celle, a little town of ten thousand people that lies on the railway line between Hamburg and Hanover, in the midst of great plains of sand, upon the river Aller. When Duke William had it, it was a very

humble wood-built place, with a great brick church, which he sedulously frequented, and in which he and others of his house lie buried. He was a very religious lord, and called William the Pious by his small circle of subjects, over whom he ruled till fate deprived him both of sight and reason. Sometimes, in his latter days, the good duke had glimpses of mental light, when he would bid his musicians play the psalm-tunes which he loved. One thinks of a descendant of his, two hundred years afterwards, blind, old, and lost of wits, singing Handel in Windsor Tower.

William the Pious had fifteen children, eight daughters and seven sons, who, as the property left among them was small, drew lots to determine which one of them should marry, and continue the stout race of the Guelphs. The lot fell on Duke George, the sixth brother. The others remained single, or contracted left-handed marriages after the princely fashion of those days. It is a queer picture—that of the old prince dying in his little wood-built capital, and his seven sons tossing up which should inherit and transmit the crown of Brentford. Duke George, the lucky prize-man, made the tour of Europe, during which he visited the court of Queen Elizabeth; and in the year 1617, came back and settled at Zell, with a wife out of Darmstadt. His remaining brothers all kept their house at Zell, for economy's sake. And presently, in due course, they all died—all the honest dukes; Ernest, and Christian, and Augustus, and Magnus, and George, and John—and they are buried in the brick church of Brentford yonder, by the sandy banks of the Aller.

Dr. Vehse gives a pleasant glimpse of the way of life of our dukes in Zell. "When the trumpeter on the tower has blown," Duke Christian orders—viz., at nine o'clock in the morning, and four in the evening, every one must be present at meals, and those who are not must go without. None of the servants, unless it be a knave who has been ordered to ride out, shall eat or drink in the kitchen or cellar; or, without special leave, fodder his horses at the prince's cost. When the meal is served in the court-room, a page shall go round and bid every one be quiet and orderly, forbidding all cursing, swearing, and rudeness; all throwing about of bread, bones, or roast, or pocketing of the same. Every morning, at seven, the squires shall have their morning soup, along with which, and dinner, they shall be served with their under-drink—every morning except Friday morning, when there was sermon, and no drink. Every evening they shall have their beer, and at night their sleep-drink. The butler is especially warned not to allow noble or

simple to go into the cellar: wine shall only be served at the prince's or councillor's table; and every Monday, the honest old Duke Christian ordains the accounts shall be ready, and the expenses in the kitchen, the wine and beer cellar, the bakehouse and stable, made out.

Duke George, the marrying duke, did not stop at home to partake of the beer and wine, and the sermons. He went about fighting wherever there was profit to be had. He served as general in the army of the circle of Lower Saxony, the Protestant army; then he went over to the emperor, and fought in his armies in Germany and Italy: and when Gustavus Adolphus appeared in Germany, George took service as a Swedish general, and seized the Abbey of Hildesheim as his share of the plunder. Here, in the year 1641, Duke George died, leaving four sons behind him, from the youngest of whom descend our royal Georges.

Under these children of Duke George, the old God-fearing, simple ways of Zell appear to have gone out of mode. The second brother was constantly visiting Venice, and leading a jolly, wicked life there. It was the most jovial of all places at the end of the seventeenth century; and military men, after a campaign, rushed thither, as the warriors of the Allies rushed to Paris in 1814, to gamble, and rejoice, and partake of all sorts of godless delights. This prince, then, loving Venice and its pleasures, brought Italian singers and dancers back with him to quiet old Zell; and, worse still, demeaned himself by marrying a French lady of birth quite inferior to his own—Eleanor D'Olbreuse, from whom our queen is descended. Eleanor had a pretty daughter, who inherited a great fortune, which inflamed her cousin, George Louis of Hanover, with a desire to marry her; and so, with her beauty and her riches, she came to a sad end.

It is too long to tell how the four sons of Duke George divided his territories amongst them, and how, finally, they came into possession of the son of the youngest of the four. In this generation the Protestant faith was nearly extinguished in the family; and then where should we in England have gone for a king? The third brother also took delight in Italy, where the priests converted him and his Protestant chaplain too. Mass was said in Hanover once more; and Italian sopranis piped their Latin rhymes in place of the hymns which William the Pious and Dr. Luther sang. Louis XIV. gave this and other converts a splendid pension. Crowds of Frenchmen and brilliant French fashions came into his court. It is incalculable how much that royal bigwig cost Germany. Every prince imitated the French king, and had his Ver-

sailles, his Wilhelmshöhe or Ludwigslust; his court and its splendors; his gardens laid out with statues; his fountains, and water-works, and Tritons; his actors, and dancers, and singers, and fiddlers; his harem, with its inhabitants; his diamonds and duchies for these latter; his enormous festivities, his gaming-tables, tournaments, masquerades, and banquets lasting a week long, for which the people paid with their money, when the poor wretches had it; with their bodies and very blood when they had none; being sold in thousands by their lords and masters, who gayly dealt in soldiers, staked a regiment upon the red at the gaming-table; swapped a battalion against a dancing-girl's diamond necklace; and, as it were, pocketed their people.

As one views Europe, through contemporary books of travel in the early part of the last century, the landscape is awful—wretched wastes, beggarly and plundered; half-burned cottages and trembling peasants gathering piteous harvests; gangs of such trampling along with bayonets behind them, and corporals with canes and cats-of-nine-tails to flog them to barracks. By these passes my lord's gilt carriage floundering through the ruts, as he swears at the postilions, and toils on to the Residenz. Hard by, but away from the noise and brawling of the citizens and buyers, is Wilhelmslust or Ludwigsruhe, or Monbijou, or Versailles—it scarcely matters which,—near to the city, shut out by woods from the beggared country, the enormous, hideous, gilded, monstrous marble palace, where the prince is, and the court, and the trim gardens, and huge fountains, and the forest where the ragged peasants are beating the game in (it is death to them to touch a feather); and the jolly hunt sweeps by with its uniform of crimson and gold; and the prince gallops ahead puffing his royal horn; and his lords and mistresses ride after him; and the stag is pulled down; and the grand huntsman gives the knife in the midst of a chorus of bugles; and 'tis time the court go home to dinner; and our noble traveller, it may be the Baron of Pöllnitz, or the Count de Königsmarck, or the excellent Chevalier de Seingalt, sees the procession gleaming through the trim avenues of the wood, and hastens to the inn, and sends his noble name to the marshal of the court. Then our nobleman arrays himself in green and gold, or pink and silver, in the richest Paris mode, and is introduced by the chamberlain, and makes his bow to the jolly prince, and the gracious princess; and is presented to the chief lords and ladies, and then comes supper and a bank at Faro, where he loses or wins a thousand pieces by daylight. If it is a German court, you may add

not a little drunkenness to this picture of high life; but German, or French, or Spanish, if you can see out of your palace-windows, beyond the trim-cut forest vistas, misery is lying outside; hunger is stalking about the bare villages, listlessly following precarious husbandry; ploughing stony fields with starved cattle; or fearfully taking in scanty harvests. Augustus is fat and jolly on his throne; he can knock down an ox, and eat one almost; his mistress Aurora von Königsmarck is the loveliest, the wittiest creature; his diamonds are the biggest and most brilliant in the world, and his feasts as splendid as those of Versailles. As for Louis the Great, he is more than mortal. Lift up your glances respectfully, and mark him eying Madame de Fontanges or Madame de Montespan from under his sublime periwig, as he passes through the great gallery where Villars, and Vendome, and Berwick, and Boussuet, and Masillon are waiting. Can court be more splendid; nobles and knights more gallant and superb; ladies more lovely? A grander monarch, or a more miserable starved wretch than the peasant his subject, you cannot look on. Let us bear both these types in mind, if we wish to estimate the old society properly. Remember the glory and the chivalry? Yes! Remember the grace and beauty, the splendor and lofty politeness; the gallant courtesy of Fontenoy, where the French line bids the gentlemen of the English guard to fire first; the noble constancy of the old king and Villars his general, who fits out the last army with the last crown-piece from the treasury, and goes to meet the enemy and die or conquer for France at Denain. But round all that royal splendor lies a nation enslaved and ruined; there are people robbed of their rights—communities laid waste—faith, justice, commerce trampled upon, and wellnigh destroyed—nay, in the very centre of royalty itself, what horrible stains and meanness, crime and shame! It is but to a silly harlot that some of the noblest gentlemen, and some of the proudest women in the world are bowing down; it is the price of a miserable province that the king ties in diamonds round his mistress' white neck. In the first half of the last century, I say, this is going on all Europe over. Saxony is a waste as well as Picardy or Artois; and Versailles is only larger and not worse than Herrenhausen.

It was the first elector of Hanover who made the fortunate match which bestowed the race of Hanoverian sovereigns upon us Britons. Nine years after Charles Stuart lost his head, his niece Sophia, one of many children of another luckless dethroned sovereign, the Elector Palatine, married Ernest

Augustus of Brunswick, and brought the reversion to the crown of the three kingdoms in her scanty trousseau. One of the handsomest, the most cheerful, sensible, shrewd, accomplished of women, was Sophia, daughter of poor Frederick, the winter king of Bohemia. The other daughters of lovely, unhappy Elizabeth Stuart went off into the Catholic Church; this one, luckily for her family, remained, I cannot say faithful to the Reformed Religion, but at least she adopted no other. An agent of the French king's, Gourville, a convert himself, strove to bring her and her husband to a sense of the truth; and tells us that he one day asked Madame the Duchess of Hanover, of what religion her daughter was, then a pretty girl of thirteen years old. The duchess replied that the princess *was of no religion as yet*. They were waiting to know of what religion her husband would be, Protestant or Catholic, before instructing her! And the Duke of Hanover having heard all Gourville's proposal, said that a change would be advantageous to his house, but that he himself was too old to change.

This shrewd woman had such keen eyes that she knew how to shut them upon occasion, and was blind to many faults which it appeared that her husband the Bishop of Osnaburg and Duke of Hanover committed. He loved to take his pleasure like other sovereigns—was a merry prince, fond of dinner and the bottle; liked to go to Italy, as his brothers had done before him; and we read how he jovially sold six thousand seven hundred of his Hanoverians to the signiory of Venice. They went bravely off to the Morea, under command of Ernest's son, Prince Max, and only one thousand four hundred of them ever came home again. The German princes sold a good deal of this kind of stock. You may remember how George III.'s government purchased Hessians, and the use we made of them during the War of Independence.

The ducats Duke Ernest got for his soldiers he spent in a series of the most brilliant entertainments. Nevertheless, the jovial prince was economical, and kept a steady eye upon his own interests. He achieved the electoral dignity for himself: he married his eldest son George to his beautiful cousin of Zell; and sending his sons out in command of armies to fight—now on this side, now on that—he lived on, taking his pleasure, and scheming his schemes, a merry, wise prince enough, not, I fear, a moral prince, of which kind we shall have but very few specimens in the course of these lectures.

Ernest Augustus had seven children in all, some of whom were scapegraces, and

rebelled against the parental system of primogeniture and non-division of property which the elector ordained. "Gustchen," the electress writes about her second son: "Poor Gus is thrust out, and his father will give him no more keep. I laugh in the day, and cry all night about it; for I am a fool with my children." Three of the six died fighting against Turks, Tartars, Frenchmen. One of them conspired, revolted, fled to Rome, leaving an agent behind him, whose head was taken off. The daughter, of whose early education we have made mention, was married to the Elector of Brandenburg, and so her religion settled finally on the Protestant side.

A niece of the Electress Sophia—who had been made to change her religion, and marry the Duke of Orleans, brother of the French king; a woman whose honest heart was always with her friends and dear old Deutschland, though her fat little body was confined at Paris, or Marly, or Versailles—has left us, in her enormous correspondence (part of which has been printed in German and French) recollections of the electress, and of George her son. Elizabeth Charlotte was at Osnaburg when George was born (1660). She narrowly escaped a whipping for being in the way on that auspicious day. She seems not to have liked little George, nor George grown up; and represents him as odiously hard, cold, and silent. Silent he may have been: not a jolly prince like his father before him, but a prudent, quiet, selfish potentate, going his own way, managing his own affairs, and understanding his own interests remarkably well.

In his father's lifetime, and at the head of the Hanover forces of eight or ten thousand men, George served the emperor, on the Danube against Turks, at the siege of Vienna, in Italy, and on the Rhine. When he succeeded to the electorate, he handled its affairs with great prudence and dexterity. He was very much liked by his people of Hanover. He did not show his feelings much, but he cried heartily on leaving them; as they used for joy when he came back. He showed an uncommon prudence and coolness of behavior when he came into his kingdom; exhibiting no elation; reasonably doubtful whether he should not be turned out some day; looking upon himself only as a lodger, and making the most of his brief tenure of St. James' and Hampton Court; plundering, it is true, somewhat, and dividing amongst his German followers;—but what could be expected of a sovereign who at home could sell his subjects at so many ducats per head, and make no scruple in so disposing of them? I fancy a considerable shrewdness, prudence, and even moderation in his ways. The Ger-

man Protestant was a cheaper, and better, and kinder king than the Catholic Stuart in whose chair he sat, and so far loyal to England, that he let England govern herself.

Having these lectures in view, I made it my business to visit that ugly cradle in which our Georges were nursed. The old town of Hanover must look still pretty much as in the time when George Louis left it. The gardens and pavilions of Herrenhausen are scarce changed since the day when the stout old Electress Sophia fell down in her last walk there, preceding but by a few weeks to the tomb James II.'s daughter, whose death made way for the Brunswick Stuarts in England.

The two first royal Georges, and their father, Ernest Augustus, had quite royal notions regarding marriage; and Louis XIV. and Charles II. scarce distinguished themselves more at Versailles or St. James', than these German sultans in their little city on the banks of the Leine. You may see at Herrenhausen the very rustic theatre in which the Platens danced and performed masques, and sang before the elector and his sons. There are the very fauns and dryads of stone still glimmering through the branches, still grinning and piping their ditties of no tone, as in the days when painted nymphs hung garlands round them; appeared under their leafy arcades with gilt crooks, guiding rams with gilt horns; descended from "machines" in the guise of Diana and Minerva; and delivered immense allegorical compliments to the princes returned home from the campaign.

That was a curious state of morals and politics in Europe; a queer consequence of the triumph of the monarchical principle. Feudalism was beaten down. The nobility, in its quarrels with the crown, had pretty well succumbed, and the monarch was all in all. He became almost divine: the proudest and most ancient gentry of the land did menial service for him. Who should carry Louis XIV.'s candle when he went to bed? what prince of the blood should hold the king's shirt when his most Christian majesty changed that garment?—the French memoirs of the seventeenth century are full of such details and squabbles. The tradition is not yet extinct in Europe. Any of you who were present, as myriads were, at that splendid pageant, the opening of our Crystal Palace in London, must have seen two noble lords, great officers of the household, with ancient pedigrees, with embroidered coats, and stars on their breasts and wands in their hands, walking backwards for near the space of a mile, while the royal procession made its progress. Shall we wonder—shall we be angry—shall we laugh at these old world

ceremonies? View them as you will, according to your mood; and with scorn or with respect, or with anger and sorrow, as your temper leads you. Up goes Gesler's hat upon the pole. Salute that symbol of sovereignty with heartfelt awe; or with a sulky shrug of acquiescence, or with a grinning obeisance; or with a stout rebellious no—clap your own beaver down on your pate, and refuse to doff it to that spangled velvet and flaunting feather. I make no comment upon the spectators' behavior; all I say is, that Gesler's cap is still up in the market-place of Europe, and not a few folks are still kneeling to it.

Put clumsy, high Dutch statues in place of the marbles of Versailles: fancy Herrenhausen waterworks in place of those of Marly: spread the tables with Schweinskopf, Specksuppe, Leberkuchen, and the like delicacies, in place of the French *cuisine*; and fancy Frau von Kielmansegg dancing with Count Kammerjunker Quirini, or singing French songs with the most awful German accent: imagine a coarse Versailles, and we have a Hanover before us. "I am now got into the region of beauty," writes Mary Wortley, from Hanover in 1716; "all the women have literally rosy cheeks, snowy foreheads and necks, jet eyebrows, to which may generally be added coal-black hair. These perfections never leave them to the day of their death, and have a very fine effect by candle-light; but I could wish they were handsome with a little variety. They resemble one another as Mrs. Salmon's court of Great Britain, and are in as much danger of melting away by two nearly approaching the fire." The sly Mary Wortley saw this painted seraglio of the first George at Hanover, the year after his accession to the British throne. There were great doings and feasts there. Here Lady Mary saw George II. too. "I can tell you, without flattery or partiality," she says, "that our young prince has all the accomplishments that it is possible to have at his age, with an air of sprightliness and understanding, and a something so very engaging in his behavior that needs not the advantage of his rank to appear charming." I find elsewhere similar panegyrics upon Frederick Prince of Wales, George II.'s son; and upon George III., of course, and upon George IV. in an eminent degree. It was the rule to be dazzled by princes, and people's eyes winked quite honestly at that royal radiance.

The electoral court of Hanover was numerous—pretty well paid, as times went; above all, paid with a regularity which few other European courts could boast of. Perhaps you will be amused to know how the electoral court was composed. There were

the princes of the house in the first class; in the second, the single field-marshal of the army (the contingent was eighteen thousand, Pöllnitz says, and the elector had other fourteen thousand troops in his pay). Then follow, in due order, the authorities civil and military, the working privy councillors, the generals of cavalry and infantry, in the third class; the high chamberlain, high marshals of the court, high masters of the horse, the major-generals of cavalry and infantry, in the fourth class, down to the majors, the Hofjunktors or pages, the secretaries or assessors, of the tenth class, of whom all were noble.

We find the master of the horse had one thousand and ninety thalers of pay; the high chamberlain, two thousand—a thaler being about three shillings of our money. There were two chamberlains, and one for the princess; five gentlemen of the chamber, and five gentlemen ushers; eleven pages and personages to educate these young noblemen—such as a governor, a preceptor, a fechtmeister, or fencing master, and a dancing ditto, this latter with a handsome salary of four hundred thalers. There were three body and court physicians, with eight hundred and five hundred thalers; a court barber, six hundred thalers; a court organist; two musikanten; four French fiddlers; twelve trumpeters, and a bugler; so that there was plenty of music, profane and pious, in Hanover. There were ten chamber waiters, and twenty-four lacqueys in livery; a maitre-d'hotel, and attendants of the kitchen; a French cook; a body cook; ten cooks; six cooks' assistants; two Braten masters, or masters of the roast—(one fancies enormous spits turning slowly, and the honest masters of the roast beladling the dripping); a pastry baker; a pie maker; and finally, three scullions, at the modest remuneration of eleven thalers. In the sugar-chamber there were four pastrycooks (for the ladies, no doubt); seven officers in the wine and beer cellars; four bread bakers; and five men in the plate-room. There were six hundred horses in the Serene stables—no less than twenty teams of princely carriage horses, eight to a team; sixteen coachmen; fourteen postillions; nineteen ostlers; thirteen helps, besides smiths, carriage-masters, horse-doctors, and other attendants of the stable. The female attendants were not so numerous: I grieve to find but a dozen or fourteen of them about the electoral premises, and only two washerwomen for all the court. These functionaries had not so much to do as in the present age. I own to finding a pleasure in these small beer chronicles. I like to people the old world, with its every-day figures and inhabitants—not so much with

heroes fighting immense battles and inspiring repulsed battalions to engage; or statesmen locked up in darkling cabinets and meditating ponderous laws or dire conspiracies; as with people occupied with their every-day work or pleasure;—my lord and lady hunting in the forest, or dancing in the court, or bowing to their serene highnesses as they pass in to dinner; John Cook and his procession bringing the meal from the kitchen; the jolly butlers bearing in the flagons from the cellar; the stout coachman driving the ponderous gilt wagon, with eight cream-colored horses in housings of scarlet velvet and morocco leather; a postilion on the leaders, and a pair or a half-dozen of running footmen scudding along by the side of the vehicle, with conical caps, long silver-headed maces, which they poised as they ran, and splendid jackets laced all over with silver and gold. I fancy the citizens' wives and their daughters looking out from the balconies; and the burghers, over their beer and mumm, rising up, cap in hand, as the cavalcade passes through the town with torch-bearers, trumpeters blowing their lusty cheeks out, and squadrons of jack-booted lifeguardsmen, girt with shining cuirasses, and bestriding thundering chargers, escorting his highness' coach from Hanover to Herrenhausen; or halting, mayhap, at Madame Platen's country house of Monplaisir, which lies half-way between the summer palace and the Residenz.

In the good old times of which I am treating, whilst common men were driven off by herds, and sold to fight the emperor's enemies on the Danube, or to bayonet King Louis' troops of common men on the Rhine, noblemen passed from court to court, seeking service with one prince or the other, and naturally taking command of the ignoble vulgar of soldiery which battled and died almost without hope of promotion. Noble adventurers travelled from court to court in search of employment; not merely noble males, but noble females too; and if these latter were beauties, and obtained the favorable notice of princes, they stopped in the courts, became the favorites of their serene or royal highnesses; and received great sums of money and splendid diamonds; and were promoted to be duchesses, marchionesses, and the like; and did not fall much in public esteem for the manner in which they won their advancement. In this way Mlle. de Querouailles, a beautiful French lady, came to London on a special mission of Louis XIV., and was adopted by our grateful country and sovereign, and figured as Duchess of Portsmouth. In this way the beautiful Aurora of Königsmarck travelling about found favor in the eyes of Augustus

of Saxony, and became the mother of Marshal Saxe, who gave us a beating at Fontenoy; and in this manner the lovely sisters Elizabeth and Melusina of Meissenbach (who had actually been driven out of Paris, whither they had travelled on a like errand, by the wise jealousy of the female favorite there in possession) journeyed to Hanover, and became favorites of the serene house there reigning.

That beautiful Aurora von Königsmarck and her brother are wonderful as types of by-gone manners, and strange illustrations of the morals of old days. The Königsmarcks were descended from an ancient noble family of Brandenburg, a branch of which passed into Sweden, where it enriched itself and produced several mighty men of valor.

The founder of the race was Hans Christof, a famous warrior and plunderer of the thirty years' war. One of Han's sons, Otto, appeared as ambassador at the court of Louis XIV., and had to make a Swedish speech at his reception before the most Christian king. Otto was a famous dandy and warrior, but he forgot the speech, and what do you think he did? Far from being disconcerted, he recited a portion of Swedish Catechism to his most Christian majesty and his court, not one of whom understood his lingo with the exception of his own suite, who had to keep their gravity as best they might.

Otto's nephew, Aurora's elder brother, Carl Johann of Königsmarck, a favorite of Charles II., a beauty, a dandy, a warrior, a rascal of more than ordinary mark, escaped but deserved being hanged in England for the murder of Tom Thynne of Longleat. He had a little brother in London with him at this time:—as great a beauty, as great a dandy, as great a villain as his elder. This lad, Philip of Königsmarck, also was implicated in the affair; and perhaps it is a pity he ever brought his pretty neck out of it. He went over to Hanover, and was soon appointed colonel of a regiment of H.E. Highness' dragoons. In early life he had been page in the court of Celle; and it was said that he and the pretty princess Sophia Dorothea, who by this time was married to her Cousin George the electoral prince, had been in love with each other as children. Their loves were now to be renewed, not innocently, and to come to a fearful end.

A biography of the wife of George I., by Dr. Doran, has lately appeared, and I confess I am astounded at the verdict which that writer has delivered, and at his acquittal of this most unfortunate lady. That she had a cold selfish libertine of a husband no one can doubt; but that the bad husband had a bad wife is equally clear. She was married to her cousin for money or convenience, as

all princesses were married. She was most beautiful, lively, witty, accomplished; his brutality outraged her: his silence and coldness chilled her; his cruelty insulted her. No wonder she did not love him. How could love be a part of the compact in such a marriage as that? With this unlucky heart to dispose of, the poor creature bestowed it on Philip of Königsmark, than whom a greater scamp does not walk the history of the seventeenth century. A hundred and eighty years after the fellow was thrust into his unknown grave, a Swedish professor lights upon a box of letters in the University Library at Upsala, written by Philip and Dorothea to each other, and telling their miserable story.

The bewitching Königsmark had conquered two female hearts in Hanover. Besides the electoral prince's lovely young wife Sophia Dorothea, Philip had inspired a passion in a hideous old court lady, the Countess of Platen. The princess seems to have pursued him with the fidelity of many years. Heaps of letters followed him on his campaigns, and were answered by the daring adventurer. The princess wanted to fly with him; to quit her odious husband at any rate. She besought her parents to receive her back; had a notion of taking refuge in France and going over to the Catholic religion; had absolutely packed her jewels for flight, and very likely arranged its details with her lover, in that last long night's interview, after which Philip of Königsmark was seen no more.

Königsmark, inflamed with drink—there is scarcely any vice of which, according to his own showing, this gentleman was not a practitioner—had boasted at a supper at Dresden of his intimacy with the two Hanoverian ladies, not only with the princess, but with another lady powerful in Hanover. The Countess Platen, the old favorite of the elector, hated the young electoral princess. The young lady had a lively wit, and constantly made fun of the old one. The princess' jokes were conveyed to the old Platen just as our idle words are carried about at this present day: and so they both hated each other.

The characters in the tragedy, of which the curtain was now about to fall, are about as dark a set as eye ever rested on. There is the jolly prince, shrewd, selfish, scheming, loving his cups and his ease (I think his good-humor makes the tragedy but darker); his princess, who speaks little, but observes all; his old, painted Jezebel of a mistress; his son, the electoral prince, shrewd, too, quiet, selfish, not ill-humored, and generally silent, except when goaded into fury by the intolerable tongue of his lovely wife; there is poor Sophia Dorothea, with her co-

quetry and her wrongs, and her passionate attachment to her scamp of a lover, and her wild imprudences, and her mad artifices, and her insane fidelity, and her furious jealousy regarding her husband (though she loathed and cheated him), and her prodigious falsehoods; and the confidante, of course, into whose hands the letters are slipped; and there is Lothario, finally, than whom, as I have said, one can't imagine a more handsome, wicked, worthless reprobate.

How that perverse fidelity of passion pursues the villain! How madly true the woman is, and how astoundingly she lies! She has bewitched two or three persons who have taken her up, and they won't believe in her wrong. Like Mary of Scotland, she finds adherents ready to conspire for her even in history, and people who have to deal with her are charmed, and fascinated, and bedevilled. How devotedly Miss Strickland has stood by Mary's innocence! Are there not scores of ladies in this audience who persist in it too? Innocent! I remember as a boy how a great party persisted in declaring Caroline of Brunswick was a martyred angel. So was Helen of Greece innocent. She never ran away with Paris, the dangerous young Trojan. Menelaus her husband ill-used her; and there never was any siege of Troy at all. So was Bluebeard's wife innocent. She never peeped into the closet where the other wives were with their heads off. She never dropped the key, or stained it with blood; and her brothers were quite right in finishing Bluebeard, the cowardly brute! Yes, Caroline of Brunswick was innocent; and Madame Laffarge never poisoned her husband; and Mary of Scotland never blew up hers; and poor Sophia Dorothea was never unfaithful; and Eve never took the apple—it was a cowardly fabrication of the serpent's.

George Louis has been held up to execration as a murderous Bluebeard, whereas the electoral prince had no share in the transaction in which Philip of Königsmark was scuffled out of this mortal scene. The prince was absent when the catastrophe came. The princess had had a hundred warnings; mild hints from her husband's parents; grim remonstrances from himself—but took no more heed of this advice than such besotted poor wretches do. On the night of Sunday, the 1st of July, 1694, Königsmark paid a long visit to the princess, and left her to get ready for flight. Her husband was away at Berlin; her carriages and horses were prepared and ready for the elopement. Meanwhile, the spies of Countess Platen had brought the news to their mistress. She went to Ernest Augustus, and procured from the elector an order for the arrest of the Swede. On the way by which he was to come, four guards

were commissioned to take him. He strove to cut his way through the four men, and wounded more than one of them. They fell upon him; cut him down; and, as he was lying wounded on the ground, the countess, his enemy, whom he had betrayed and insulted, came out and beheld him prostrate. He cursed her with his dying lips, and the furious woman stamped upon his mouth with her heel. He was dispatched presently; his body burnt the next day; and all traces of the man disappeared. The guards who killed him were enjoined silence under severe penalties. The princess was reported to be ill in her apartments, from which she was taken in October of the same year, being then eight-and-twenty years old, and consigned to the castle of Ahlden, where she remained a prisoner for no less than thirty-two years. A separation had been pronounced previously between her and her husband. She was called henceforth the "Princess of Ahlden," and her silent husband no more uttered her name.

Four years after the Königsmark catastrophe, Ernest Augustus, the first elector of Hanover, died, and George Louis, his son, reigned in his stead. Sixteen years he reigned in Hanover, after which he became, as we know, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith. The wicked old Countess Platen died in the year 1706. She had lost her sight, but nevertheless the legend says that she constantly saw Königsmark's ghost by her wicked old bed. And so there was an end of her.

In the year 1700, the little Duke of Gloucester, the last of poor Queen Anne's children, died, and the folks of Hanover straightway became of prodigious importance in England. The Electress Sophia was declared the next in succession to the English throne. George Louis was created Duke of Cambridge; grand deputations were sent over from our country to Deutschland; but Queen Anne, whose weak heart hankered after her relatives at St. Germain, never could be got to allow her cousin, the Elector Duke of Cambridge, to come and pay his respects to her majesty, and take his seat in her House of Peers. Had the queen lasted a month longer; had the English Tories been as bold and resolute as they were clever and crafty; had the prince whom the nation loved and pitied been equal to his fortune, George Louis had never talked German in St. James' Chapel Royal.

When the crown did come to George Louis he was in no hurry about putting it on. He waited at home for a while; took an affecting farewell of his dear Hanover and Herrenhausen; and set out in the most leisurely manner to ascend "the throne of his ances-

tors," as he called it in his first speech to Parliament. He brought with him a compact body of Germans, whose society he loved, and whom he kept round the royal person. He had his faithful German chamberlains; his German secretaries; his negroes, captives of his bow and spear in Turkish wars; his two ugly, elderly German favorites, Mesdames of Kielmansegge and Schulenberg, whom he created respectively Countess of Darlington and Duchess of Kendal. The duchess was tall, and lean of stature, and hence was irreverently nicknamed the Maypole. The countess was a large-sized noblewoman, and this elevated personage was denominated the Elephant. Both of these ladies loved Hanover and its delights; clung round the linden-trees of the great Herrenhausen avenue, and at first would not quit the place. Schulenberg, in fact, could not come on account of her debts; but finding the Maypole would not come, the Elephant packed up her trunk and slipped out of Hanover unwildly as she was. On this the Maypole straightway put herself in motion, and followed her beloved George Louis. One seems to be speaking of Captain Macheath, and Polly, and Lucy. The king we had selected; the courtiers who came in his train; the English nobles who came to welcome him, and on many of whom the shrewd old cynic turned his back—I protest it is a wonderful satirical picture. I am a citizen waiting at Greenwich pier, say, and crying hurrah for King George; and yet I can scarcely keep my countenance, and help laughing at the enormous absurdity of this advent!

Here are we, all on our knees. Here is the Archbishop of Canterbury prostrating himself to the head of his church, with Kielmansegge and Schulenberg with their ruddled cheeks grinning behind the defender of the faith. Here is my Lord Duke of Marlborough kneeling too, the greatest warrior of all times; he who betrayed King William—betrayed King James II.—betrayed Queen Anne—betrayed England to the French, the Elector to the Pretender, the Pretender to the Elector; and here are my Lords Oxford and Bolingbroke, the latter of whom has just tripped up the heels of the former; and if a month's more time had been allowed him, would have had King James at Westminster. The great Whig gentlemen made their bows and congées with proper decorum and ceremony; but yonder keen old schemer knows the value of their loyalty. "Loyalty," he must think, "as applied to me—it is absurd! There are fifty nearer heirs to the throne than I am. I am but an accident, and you fine Whig gentlemen take me for your own sake, not for mine. You Tories

hate me; you archbishop, smirking on your knees, and prating about Heaven, you know I don't care a fig for your Thirty-nine Articles, and can't understand a word of your stupid sermons. You, my Lords Bolingbroke and Oxford—you know you were conspiring against me a month ago; and you my Lord Duke of Marlborough—you would sell me or any man else, if you found your advantage in it. Come, my good Melusina, come, my honest Sophia, let us go into my private room, and have some oysters and some Rhine wine, and some pipes afterwards: let us make the best of our situation; let us take what we can get, and leave these bawling, brawling, lying English to shout and fight and cheat, in their own way!"

If Swift had not been committed to the statesmen of the losing side, what a fine satirical picture we might have had of that general *saute qui peut* amongst the Tory party! How mum the Tories became; how the House of Lords and House of Commons chopped round; and how decorously the majorities welcomed King George!

Bolingbroke, making his last speech in the House of Lords, pointed out the shame of peerage, where several lords concurred to condemn in one general vote all that they had approved in former parliaments by many particular resolutions. And so their conduct was shameful. St. John had the best of the argument, but the worst of the vote. Bad times were come for him. He talked philosophy, and professed innocence. He courted retirement, and was ready to meet persecution; but, hearing that honest Mat Prior, who had been recalled from Paris, was about to peach regarding the past transactions, the philosopher bolted, and took that magnificent head of his out of the ugly reach of the axe. Oxford, the lazy and good-humored, had more courage, and awaited the storm at home. He and Mat Prior both had lodgings in the Tower, and both brought their heads safe out of that dangerous menagerie. When Atterbury was carried off to the same den, a few years afterwards, and it was asked, what next should be done with him? "Done with him? Fling him to the lions," Cadogan said, Marlborough's lieutenant. But the British lion of those days did not care much for drinking the blood of peaceful peers and poets, or crunching the bones of bishops. Only four men were executed in London for the rebellion of 1715; and twenty-two in Lancashire. Above a thousand taken in arms, submitted to the king's mercy, and petitioned to be transported to his majesty's colonies in America. I have heard that their descendants took the loyalist side in the disputes which arose sixty years after. It is pleasant to find that a

friend of ours, worthy Dick Steele, was for letting off the rebels with their lives.

As one thinks of what might have been, how amusing the speculation is! We know how the doomed Scottish gentlemen came out at Lord Mar's summons, mounted the white cockade, that has been a flower of sad poetry ever since, and rallied round the ill-omened Stuart standard at Braemar. Mar, with eight thousand men, and but one thousand five hundred opposed to him, might have driven the enemy over the Tweed, and taken possession of the whole of Scotland; but that the Pretender's duke did not venture to move when the day was his own. Edinburgh Castle might have been in King James' hands; but that the men who were to escalate it stayed to drink his health at the tavern, and arrived two hours too late at the rendezvous under the castle wall. There was sympathy enough in the town—the projected attack seems to have been known there—Lord Mahon quotes Sinclair's account of a gentleman not concerned, who told Sinclair, that he was in a house that evening where eighteen of them were drinking, as the facetious landlady said, "powdering their hair," for the attack of the castle. Suppose they had not stopped to powder their hair? Edinburgh Castle and town and all Scotland were King James'. The north of England rises, and marches over Barnet Heath upon London. Wyndham is up in Somersetshire; Packington in Worcestershire; and Vivian in Cornwall. The elector of Hanover, and his hideous mistresses, pack up the plate, and perhaps the crown jewels in London, and are off *via* Harwich and Helvoetsluis, for dear old Deutschland. The king—God save him—lands at Dover, with tumultuous applause; shouting multitudes, roaring cannon, the Duke of Marlborough weeping tears of joy, and all the bishops kneeling in the mud. In a few years, mass is said in St. Paul's; matins and vespers are sung in York Minster; and Dr. Swift is turned out of his stall and deanery house at St. Patrick's, to give place to Father Dominic, from Salamanca. All these changes were possible then, and once thirty years afterwards—all this we might have had, but for the *pulveris exigui jactu*, that little toss of powder for the hair which the Scotch conspirators stopped to take at the tavern.

You understand the distinction I would draw between history—of which I do not aspire to be an expounder—and manners and life such as these sketches would describe. The rebellion breaks out in the north; its story is before you in a hundred volumes, in none more fairly than in the excellent narrative of Lord Mahon. The clans are up in Scotland; Derwentwater, Nithsdale, and

Forster are in arms in Northumberland—these are matters of history, for which you are referred to the due chroniclers. The Guards are set to watch the streets, and prevent the people wearing white roses. I read presently of a couple of soldiers almost flogged to death for wearing oakboughs in their hats on the 29th of May—another badge of the beloved Stuarts. It is with these we have to do, rather than with the marches and battles of the armies to which the poor fellows belonged—with statesmen, and how they looked, and how they lived, rather than with measures of state, which belong to history alone. For example, at the close of the old queen's reign, it is known the Duke of Marlborough left the kingdom—after what menaces, after what prayers, lies, bribes offered, taken, refused, accepted; after what dark doubting and tacking, let history, if she can or dare, say. The queen dead; who so eager to return as my lord duke? Who shouts God save the king! so lustily as the great conqueror of Blenheim and Malplaquet? (By the way, he will send over some more money for the Pretender yet, on the sly.) Who lays his hand on his blue ribbon, and lifts his eyes more gracefully to heaven than this hero? He makes a quasi-triumphal entrance into London, by Temple Bar, in his enormous gilt coach—and the enormous gilt coach breaks down somewhere by Chancery Lane, and his highness is obliged to get another. There it is we have him. We are with the mob in the crowd, not with the great folks in the procession. We are not the Historic Muse, but her ladyship's attendant, tale-bearer—*valet de chambre*—for whom no man is a hero; and, as yonder one steps from his carriage to the next handy conveyance, we take the number of the hack; we look all over at his stars, ribbons, embroidery; we think within ourselves, O you unfathomable schemer! O you warrior invincible! O you beautiful smiling Judas! What master would you not kiss or betray? What traitor's head, blackening on the spikes on yonder gate, ever hatched a tithe of the treason which has worked under your periwig?

We have brought our Georges to London city, and if we would behold its aspect, may see it in Hogarth's lively perspective of Cheapside, or read of it in a hundred contemporary books which paint the manners of that age. Our dear old *Spectator* looks smiling upon these streets, with their innumerable signs, and describes them with his charming humor. "Our streets are filled with Blue Boars, Black Swans, and Red Lions, not to mention Flying Pigs and Hogs in Armor, with other creatures more extraordinary than any in the deserts of

Africa." A few of these quaint old figures still remain in London town. You may still see there, and over its old hostel in Ludgate Hill, the Belle Sauvage to whom the *Spectator* so pleasantly alludes in that paper; and who was, probably, no other than the sweet American Pocahontas, who rescued from death the daring Captain Smith. There is the Lion's Head, down whose jaws the *Spectator's* own letters were passed; and over a great banker's in Fleet Street, the effigy of the wallet, which the founder of the firm bore when he came into London a country boy. People this street, so ornamented with crowds of swinging chairmen, with servants bawling to clear the way, with Mr. Dean in his cassock, his lacquey marching before him; or Mrs. Dinah in her sack, tripping to chapel, her footboy carrying her ladyship's great prayer-book; with itinerant tradesmen, singing their hundred cries (I remember forty years ago, as a boy in London city, a score of cheery, familiar cries that are silent now). Fancy the beaux thronging to the chocolate-houses, tapping their snuff-boxes as they issue thence, their periwigs appearing over the red curtains. Fancy Saccharissa beckoning and smiling from the upper windows, and a crowd of soldiers brawling and bustling at the door—gentlemen of the Life Guards, clad in scarlet, with blue facings, and laced with gold at the seams; gentlemen of the Horse Grenadiers, in their caps of sky-blue cloth, with the garter embroidered on the front in gold and silver; men of the Halberdiers, in their long red coats, as bluff Harry left them, with their ruffs and velvet flat caps. Perhaps the king's majesty himself is going to St. James' as we pass. If he is going to parliament, he is in his coach-and-eight, surrounded by his guards and the high officers of his crown. Otherwise his majesty only uses a chair, with six footmen walking before, and six yeomen of the guard at the sides of the sedan. The officers in waiting follow the king in coaches. It must be rather slow work.

Our *Spectator* and *Tatler* are full of delightful glimpses of the town life of those days. In the company of that charming guide, we may go to the opera, the comedy, the puppet show, the auction, even the cockpit; we can take boat at Temple Stairs, and accompany Sir Roger de Coverley and Mr. Spectator to Spring Garden—it will be called Vauxhall a few years since, when Hogarth will paint for it. Would you not like to step back into the past, and be introduced to Mr. Addison?—not the right honorable Joseph Addison, Esq., George I.'s secretary of state, but to the delightful painter of contemporary manners; the man who, when in

good-humor himself, was the pleasantest companion in all England. I should like to go into Lockit's with him, and drink a bowl along with Sir R. Steele (who has just been knighted by King George, and who does not happen to have any money to pay his share of the reckoning). I should not care to follow Mr. Addison to his secretary's office in Whitehall. There we get into politics. Our business is pleasure, and the town, and the coffee-house, and the theatre, and the Mall. Delightful Spectator! kind friend of leisure hours! happy companion! true Christian gentleman! How much greater, better, you are than the king Mr. Secretary kneels to!

You can have foreign testimony about old-world London, if you like; and my before-quoted friend, Charles Louis, Baron de Pöllnitz, will conduct us to it. "A man of sense," says he, "or a fine gentleman, is never at a loss for company in London, and this is the way the latter passes his time. He rises late, puts on a frock, and, leaving his sword at home, takes his cane and goes where he pleases. The park is commonly the place where he walks, because 'tis the Exchange for men of quality. 'Tis the same thing as the Tuileries at Paris, only the park has a certain beauty of simplicity which cannot be described. The grand walk is called the mall; is full of people every hour of the day, but especially at morning and evening, when their majesties often walk with the royal family, who are attended only by a half-dozen yeomen of the guard, and permit all persons to walk at the same time with them. The ladies and gentleman always appear in rich dresses, for the English who, twenty years ago, did not wear gold lace but in their army, are now embroidered and bedaubed as much as the French. I speak of persons of quality; for the citizen still contents himself with a suit of fine cloth, a good hat and wig, and fine linen. Everybody is well clothed here, and even the beggars don't make so ragged an appearance as they do elsewhere." After our friend the man of quality, has had his morning or undress walk in the Mall, he goes home to dress, and then saunters to some coffee-house or chocolate-house frequented by the persons he would see. "For 'tis a rule with the English to go once a day at least to houses of this sort, where they talk of business and news, read the papers, and often look at one another without opening their lips. And 'tis very well they are so mute: for were they all as talkative as people of other nations, the coffee-houses would be intolerable, and there would be no hearing what one man said where there are so many. The chocolate house in St. James' Street, where I go every

morning to pass away the time, is always so full that a man can scarce turn about in it." Delightful as London city was, King George I. liked to be out of it as much as ever he could; and when there passed all his time with his Germans. It was with them as with Blucher, one hundred years afterwards, when the bold old reiter looked down from St. Paul's, and sighed out, "Was für Plunder!" The German woman plundered; the German secretaries plundered; the German cooks and intendants plundered; even Mustapha and Mahomet, the German negroes, had a share of the booty. Take what you can get was the old monarch's maxim. He was not a lofty monarch, certainly: he was not a patron of the fine arts: but he was not a hypocrite, he was not revengeful, he was not extravagant. Though a despot in Hanover, he was a moderate ruler in England. His aim was to leave it to itself as much as possible, and to live out of it as much as he could. His heart was in Hanover. When taken ill on his last journey, as he was passing through Holland, he thrust his livid head out of the coach-window, and gasped out, "Osnaburg, Osnaburg!" He was more than fifty years of age when he came amongst us; we took him because we wanted him, because he served our turn; we laughed at his uncouth German ways, and sneered at him. He took our loyalty for what it was worth; laid hands on what money he could; kept us assuredly from popery and wooden shoes. I, for one, would have been on his side in those days. Cynical and selfish, as he was, he was better than a king out of St. Germans, with the French king's orders in his pocket, and a swarm of Jesuits in his train.

The Fates are supposed to interest themselves about royal personages; and so this one had omens and prophecies specially regarding him. He was said to be much disturbed at a prophecy that he should die very soon after his wife; and sure enough pallid Death, having seized upon the luckless princess in her castle of Ahlden, presently pounced upon H. M. King George I., in his travelling chariot, on the Hanover road. What postilion can outride that pale horseman? It is said, George promised one of his left-handed widows to come to her after death, if leave were granted to him to revisit the glimpses of the moon; and soon after his demise, a great raven actually flying or hopping in at the Duchess of Kendall's window at Twickenham, she chose to imagine the king's spirit inhabited these plumes, and took special care of her sable visitor. Affecting metempsychosis — funeral royal bird! How pathetic is the idea of the duchess weeping over it! When this chaste ad-

dition to our English aristocracy died, all her jewels, her plate, her plunder, went over to her relations in Hanover. I wonder whether her heirs took the bird, and whether it is still flapping its wings over Herrenhausen?

The days are over in England of that strange religion of king-worship, when priests flattered princes in the Temple of God; when servility was held to be an ennobling duty; when beauty and youth tried eagerly for royal favor; and woman's shame was held to be no dishonor. Mended morals and mended manners in courts and people, are among the priceless consequences of the freedom which George I. came to rescue and

secure. He kept his compact with his English subjects; and, if he escaped no more than other men and monarchs from the vices of his age at least we may thank him for preserving and transmitting the liberties of ours. In our free air, royal and humble homes have alike been purified; and Truth, the birth-right of high and low among us, which quite fearlessly judges our greatest personages, can only speak of them now in words of respect and regard. There are stains in the portrait of the first George and traits in it which none of us need admire; but among the nobler features are justice, courage, moderation—and these we may recognize ere we turn the picture to the wall.

MAMMOTH CAVE IN MISSOURI.—A great natural curiosity has lately been discovered in Missouri, which bids fair to rival the great Kentucky cave. The following description of it is given in the *Jefferson City Examiner*:—

"The cave is in Phelps County, one and three-quarters of a mile from the Gasconade River, on a creek called Cave Spring Creek, in township 38, section 21, range 9 west. We went into the cave, guided by Mr. E. H. Prewett, a young man about twenty-five years old, who was born and raised about a quarter of a mile from this place. In front of the entrance was a small stone house, which the old settlers thought was built by the Indians, but now in ruins. The entrance goes straight in the rock on a level with a surrounding surface rock, is about one hundred feet wide, and in the centre about twenty-five feet high, arched.

"Messrs. Friedo and Prewett entered the cave for nearly four hundred feet, where it narrows to about twenty-five feet wide by five high, and presents the appearance of an ante-chamber; from there they passed into a large chamber about one hundred feet in height, where the three galleries branch off—they then passed into the left gallery, which ascends nearly twenty feet on a bed of saltpetre. This gallery is called the Dry Chamber, and is about five hundred feet in height; the height varies from one hundred to about thirty feet. The ceiling and sides are composed of solid rock. Near the end is a large round chamber, which Mr. Prewett calls the Ball-room.

"After exploring the chamber, they retraced their steps, and passed in the right branch—or fork—of the cave, where they ascended a rise of about twelve feet, and entered another gallery, the end of which is not known. They, however, explored it about three-quarters of a mile. Mr.

Prewett states that he has been in this gallery over two miles, and did not then get to the end of it. In this gallery the dropping of water has formed stalactites of the most beautiful conceptions—statues of men and animals, and large columns, supporting the most beautiful arches, from the ceiling, which is from fifty to one hundred feet high, which forms several chambers of various sizes. The ceiling is decorated with different groups of spar, forming a variety of figures, which represent the inside of a cathedral. The size of some of these chambers is about forty feet wide by one hundred feet high, and look like rooms in some old feudal castle.

"They were afraid their lights would give out, therefore retraced their steps to the main chamber, from which they ascended to the middle gallery, where a large stream of clear water issues from the interior of the cave, and has a fall of about six feet, and falls in several large round basins. The water has a pleasant taste, and flows all the year round, without variation, in sufficient volume to drive a mill. They ascended the galleries, and found themselves in several beautiful chambers leading from one to the other, in which, however, they did not penetrate to more than six hundred feet. There is a strong draft of air settling in from the entrance; inside of the cave the atmosphere was mild. The chambers are all of unusual height and extent. They went in at one o'clock, and emerged from the cave at half-past three."

THE Royal Society, at the recommendation of their council, have elected the following distinguished men of science foreign members of the society: Mr. Alexander Dallas Bache, of Washington; M. Helmholtz, of Berlin; M. Albert Kölliker, of Wurzburg; and M. de Vénéuil, of Paris.

From Fraser's Magazine.
CONCERNING THE DIGNITY OF DULNESS.

If any man wishes to write with vigor and decision upon one side of any debated question, it is highly expedient that he should write before he has thought much or long upon the debated question. For calmly to look at a subject in all its bearings, and dispassionately to weigh that which may be said *pro* and *con*, is destructive of that unhesitating conviction which takes its side and keeps it without a misgiving whether it be the right side, and which discerns in all that can be said by others, and in all that is suggested by one's own mind, only something to confirm the conclusion already arrived at. It must be often a very painful thing to have what may be termed a *judicial mind*—that is, a mind so entirely free from bias of its own, that in forming its opinion upon any subject, it is decided simply by the merits of the case as set before it; for the arguments on either side are sometimes all but exactly balanced. Yet it may be necessary to say yes to the one side and no to the other; it may be impossible to make a compromise—i.e., to say to both sides at once both yes and no. And if great issues depend upon the conclusion come to, a conscientious man may undergo an indescribable distraction and anguish before he concludes what to believe or to do. If a man be lord-chancellor, or general commanding an army in action, there must often be a keen misery in the incapacity to decide which of two competing courses has most to say for itself. Oh, that every question could be answered rightly by either yes or no! Oh, that one side in every quarrel, in every debate, were decidedly right, and the other decidedly wrong! Or, if that cannot be, the next blessing that is to be desired by a human being who wishes to be of use where God has put him in this world, is, the gift of vigorous and intelligent one-sidedness; for in practice conflicting views are often so nearly balanced, and the loss of time and energy caused by indecision is so great, that it is better to adopt the wrong view resolutely, and act upon it unhesitatingly, than to adopt the right view dubiously, and take the right path falteringly, and often looking back. And one feels somehow as if there were something degrading in indecision; something manly and dignified in a vigorous will, provided that vigorous will be barely clear of the charge of blind, uncalculating obstinacy. For the spiritual is unquestionably a higher thing than the material, the living is better than the inert, the man than the machine. But the judicial mind approaches to the nature of a machine. It seems to lack the power of originating action; to be determined entirely by foreign

forces. It is simply a very delicate pair of scales. In one scale you put all that can be said on one side, in the other scale you put all that can be said on the other side, and the beam passively follows the greater weight. Of course, the analogy between the physical and the spiritual is never perfect. The scales which weigh argument differ in various respects from the scales which weigh sugar or tea. The material weighing-machine accepts its weights at the value marked upon them, while the spiritual weighing-machine has the additional anguish of deciding whether the argument put into it shall be esteemed as an ounce, a pound, or a ton.

All this which has been said has been keenly felt by the writer in thinking of the subject of the present essay. I am sorry now that I did not begin to write it sooner. I could then have taken my side without a scruple, and have expressed an opinion which would have been resolute if not perfectly right. Various facts which came within my observation impressed upon me the fact that, in the judgment of very many people, there is a dignity about dulness. Various considerations suggested themselves as tending to prove that it is absurd to regard dulness as a dignified thing; and the business of the essay was designed to be, first to state and illustrate the common view, and next, to show that the common view is absurd. But who is there that does not know how in most instances, if it strikes you on a first glance that the majority of mankind hold and act upon a belief that is absurd, longer thought shakes your confident opinion, and ultimately you land in the conviction that the majority of mankind are quite right? The length of time requisite to reach those second thoughts which are proverbially best, varies much. It seems to require a lifetime (at least for men of warm heart and quick brain) to arrive at calm, enduring sense in the complications of political and social science.

In the mellow autumn of his days, the man who started as a republican, communist, and atheist, has settled (never again to be moved) into liberal conservatism and unpretending Christianity. It requires two or three years (reckoning from the first inoculation with the poison) to return to common sense in metaphysics. For myself, it cost a week of constant thought to reach my present wit-stand, which may be briefly expressed as follows. Although many men carry their belief in the dignity of dulness to an unjustifiable excess, yet there is no small amount of sense in the doctrine of the dignity of dulness. Thus, in the lengthening light of various April evenings, did the writer muse; thus, while looking at many crocuses, yellow in the sun of several April mornings. Why

is it, thought I, that dulness is dignified? Why is it, that to write a book which no mortal can read, because it is so heavy and uninteresting, is a more dignified thing than to write a book so pleasing and attractive that it shall be read (not as work, but as play) by thousands? Why is it that any article, essay, or treatise, which handles a grave subject and propounds grave truth, only in an interesting and readable style, is at once marked with the black cross of contempt, by being referred to the class of *light literature*, and spoken of as flimsy, flashy, slight, and the like; while a treatise on the self-same subject, setting out the self-same views, only in a ponderous, wearisome, unreadable, and (in brief) *dull* fashion, is regarded as a composition solid, substantial, and eminently respectable? Is it not hard, that by many stupid people a sermon is esteemed as deep, massive, theological, solid, simply because it is such that they find they cannot for their lives attend to it; and another sermon is held as flimsy, superficial, flashy, light, simply because it attracts or compels their attention? And I saw that the doctrine of the dignity of dulness, as held by commonplace people, is at the first glance mischievous and absurd, and apparently invented by stupid men for their encouragement in their stupidity. But gradually the thought developed itself, that rapidity of movement is inconsistent with dignity. Dignity is essentially a slow thing. Agility of mind, no less than of body, befits it not. Rapid processes of thought, quick turns of feeling—a host of the little arts and characteristics which give interest to composition—have too much of the nimble and mercurial about them. A harlequin in ceaseless motion is undignified; a chief justice, sitting very still on the bench and scarcely moving, save his hands and head, is tolerably dignified; the king of Siam at a state pageant, sitting in a gallery in a sumptuous dress, and so immovable, even to his eyes, that foreign ambassadors have doubted whether he were not a wax figure, is very dignified; but the most dignified of all in the belief of millions of people of extraordinary stupidity was the Hindoo deity Brahm, who through innumerable ages remained in absolute quiescence, never stirring, and never doing anything whatever. So here, I thought, is the key of the mystery. There is a general prepossession that slowness has more dignity than agility; and a particular application of this general prepossession leads to a common belief, sometimes grossly absurd, sometimes not without reason, that dulness is a dignified thing.

Would you know, my youthful reader, how to earn the high estimation of the great

majority of steady-going old gentlemen? I will tell you how. You have, in the morning, attended a public meeting for some religious or benevolent purposes. Many speeches were made there. In the evening you meet at dinner a grave and cautious man, advanced in years, whom you beheld in a seat of eminence on the platform, and you begin to discourse of the speeches with him. Call to your remembrance the speech you liked best—the interesting, stirring, thrilling one that wakened you up when the others had wellnigh sent you to sleep—the speech that you held your breath to listen to, and that made your nerves tingle and your heart beat faster, and say to the old gentleman, “Do you remember Mr. A.’s speech? Mere flash! Very superficial. Flimsy. All figures and flowers. Flights of fancy. Nothing solid. Very well for superficial people, but nothing there for people who think.” Then fix on the very dull and heaviest of all the speeches made. Fix on the speech that you could not force yourself to listen to, though, when you did by a great effort follow two or three sentences, you saw it was very good sense, but insufferably dull; and say to the old gentleman, “Very different with the speech of Mr. B. Ah, there was mind *there*! Something that you could grasp! Good sound sense. No flash. None of your extravagant flights of imagination. Admirable matter. Who cares for oratory? Give me substance!” Say all this, my youthful reader, to the solid old gentleman, and you will certainly be regarded by him as a young man of sound sense, and with taste and judgment mature beyond your years. And if you wish to deepen the favorable impression you have made, you may go on to complain of the triviality of modern literature. Say that you think the writings of Mr. Thackeray wearisome and unimproving; for your part, you would rather read the sermons of Doctor Log. Say that *Fraser’s Magazine* is flip-pant: you prefer the *Journal of the Statistical Society*. You cannot go wrong. You have an unerring rule. You have merely to consider what things, books, speeches, articles, sermons, you find most dull and stupid: then declare in their favor. Acknowledge the grand principle of the dignity of dulness. So shall the old gentleman tell his fellows that you have “got a head.” There is “something in you.” You are an “uncommon fine young man.” The truth meanwhile will be, either that you are an impostor, shamming what you do not think, or a man of most extraordinary and anomalous tastes, or an incorrigible blockhead.

But whatever you may be yourself, do not fall into error in your judgment of the old

gentleman and his compeers. Do not think of him uncharitably. If he made a speech at the meeting, you may be ready to conclude that the reason why he preferred the dull speech to the brilliant one is, that his own speech was very, very dull. And no doubt, in some cases, it is envy and jealousy that prompt the commonplace man to under-rate the brilliant appearances of the brilliant man. It must be a most soothing thought to the ambitious man of inferior ability that the speech, sermon, or volume which greatly surpasses his own shall be regarded by many as not so good as his own, just because it is so incomparably better. It would be a pleasing arrangement for all race-horses which are lame and broken-winded, that because Eclipse distances the field so far, Eclipse shall therefore be adjudged to have lost the race. And precisely analogous is the floating belief in many commonplace minds, that if a discourse or composition be brilliant, it cannot be solid; that if it be interesting, this proves it to be flimsy. No doubt brilliancy is sometimes attained at the expense of solidity; no doubt some writings and speeches are interesting whose body of thought is very slight; which, as Scotch people say, *have very little in them*. But the vulgar belief on this matter really amounts to this: that if a speech, sermon, or book be very good, this proves it to be very bad. And as most people who produce such things produce very bad ones, you may easily see how willingly this belief is accepted by most people. Still, this does not entirely explain the opinion expressed by the old gentleman already mentioned. It does not necessarily follow that he declares the speech of Mr. A to be bad simply because he knows it was provokingly good, nor that he declares the speech of Mr. B to be good simply because he knows it was soothingly bad. The old gentleman may have been almost or even entirely sincere in the opinion he expressed.

By long habit, and by pushing into an extreme a belief which has a *substratum* of truth, he may have come to regard with suspicion the speech which interests him, and to take for granted, with little examination of the fact of the case, that it *must* be flimsy and slight, else he could not take it in so pleasantly and easily. And all this founds not merely on the grand principle of the dignity of dulness, but likewise on the impassable nature of the gulf which parts instruction from amusement, work from play. Work, it is assumed as an axiom, is of the nature of pain. To get solid instruction costs exertion: it is work: it is a painful thing. And the consequence is, that when a man of great skill and brilliant talent is able to present solid instruction in a guise

so attractive that it becomes pleasant instead of painful to receive it, you are startled. Your suspicions are aroused. You begin to think that he must have sacrificed the solid and the useful. This cannot be work, you think: it must be play, for it is pleasant. This cannot be instruction, you think: it must be amusement, for it is easy and agreeable to follow it. This cannot be a right sermon, you think, for it does not put me asleep: it must be a flimsy and flashy declamation: or some such disparaging expression is used. This cannot be the normal essay, you think, for you read it through without yawning; you don't know what is wrong, but you are safe in saying that its order of thought must be very light; the fact that you could read it without yawning proves that it is so. You forget the alternative, that solid and weighty thought, both in essay and sermon, may have been made easy to follow, by the interesting fashion in which they were put before you. But stupid people forget this alternative: they never think of it, or they reject it at the first mention of it. It is too absurd. It ignores the vital difference between work and play. Try a parallel case with an unsophisticated understanding, and you will see how ingrained in our nature is this prejudice. Your little boy is ill. He must have some medicine. You give him some of a most nauseous taste. He takes it, and feels certain that it will make him well. It *must* be medicine, he knows; and good medicine; because it is so abominably disagreeable. But give the little man some healing balm (if you can find it) whose taste is pleasant. He is surprised. His faith in the medicine is shaken. It won't make him well; it cannot be right medicine; because to take it is not painful or disagreeable. A poor girl in the parish was dying of consumption. Her parents had heard of cod-liver oil. They got the livers of certain cod-fish and manufactured oil for themselves. It was hideous to see, to smell, and to taste. I procured a bottle of the proper oil, and took it up to my poor parishioner. But it was plain that neither she nor her parents had much faith in it. It was not disgusting. It had little taste or odor. It was easy to take. And it was plain, though the girl used it to please me, that the belief in the cottage was, that by eliminating the disgusting element, you eliminated the virtue of the oil; in brief, that when medicine ceases to be disagreeable, it ceases to be useful. There is in human nature an inveterate tendency to judge so. And it was this inveterate tendency, much more than any spirit of envy or jealousy, that was at the foundation of the old man's opinion, that the dull speech or sermon was the best; that the interesting

speech or sermon was flimsy. All the virtue of the cod-liver oil was there, though the nauseous accompaniments were gone; and solid thought and sound reasoning may have been present in quantity as abundant and quality as admirable in the interesting speech as in the dull one; but it is to be confessed the *à priori* presumption was the other way. There must be something—you don't know what—wrong about the work which is as pleasant as play. There must be something—you cannot say what—amiss about the sermon which is as interesting as a novel. It cannot be sound instruction, which is as agreeable as amusement; any more than black can be white, or pain can be pleasure. That is the unspoken, undefined, uneradicable belief of the dull majority of human kind. And it appears, day by day, in the depreciatory terms in which stupid, and even commonplace, people talk of compositions which are brilliant, interesting, and attractive, as though the fact of their possessing these characteristics were proof sufficient that they lack solidity and sound sense.

Now, the root of the prevalent error (so far as it is an error) appears to me to lie in this; that sound instruction and solid thought are regarded as analogous to *medicine*; whereas they ought to be regarded as analogous to *food*. It may possibly be assumed, that medicine is a thing such in its essential nature, that to be useful, it must be disagreeable. But I believe that it is now universally admitted, that the food which is most pleasant to take, is the most wholesome and nutritious. The time is past in which philosophic and strong-minded persons thought it a fine thing to cry up a Spartan repulsiveness in the matter of diet. Raw steaks, cut from a horse which died a natural death; and the sour milk of mares, are no longer considered the provender upon which to raise men who shall be of necessity either thoughtful or heroic. Unhappily, in the matter of the dietetics of the mind, the old notion still prevails with very many. And there is something to be said for it; but only what might also be said for it in regard to the food of the body. For though, as a general rule, the most agreeable food is the most wholesome, yet there is an extensive kingdom into which this law does not extend; I mean the domain of sugar-plums, of pastry, of crystallized fruits, and the like. These are pleasant; but you cannot live upon them; and you ought not to take much at a time. And if you give a child the unlimited run of such materials for eating, the child will assuredly be the worse for it. Well, in mental food the analogy holds. Here, too, is a realm of sweets, of devilled bones, of curaçoa. Feverish poetry, ultra-

sentimental romance, eccentric wit and humor, are the parallel things. Rabelais, Sterne, *The Doctor* of Southey, the poetry of Mrs. Hemans, the plays of Otway, Marlowe, Ford, and Dekker, may all, in limited quantity, be partaken of with relish and advantage by the healthy appetite; but let there not be too much of them; and do not think to nourish your intellectual nature on such food alone. No child, shiny with excessive pastry, or tooth-aching and sulky through superabundant sugar-plums, is in a plight more morbid and disagreeable than is the clever boy or girl of eighteen, who from the dawn of the taste for reading, has been turned into a large library to choose books at will, and who has crammed an inexperienced head and undisciplined heart with extravagant fancies and unreal feelings from an exclusive diet of novels and plays. But, setting aside the department of sweets, I maintain, that given wholesome food, the more agreeable it is cooked and served up, the better; and given sound thought, the more interesting and attractive the guise in which it is presented, the better. And all this may be, without the least sacrifice of the sound and substantial qualities. No matter what you are writing,—sermon, article, book—let Sydney Smith's principle be remembered, that *every style is good, except the tiresome*. And who does not know, that there have been men who, without the least sacrifice of solidity, have invested all they had to say with an enchainning interest; and led the reader through the most abstruse metaphysics, the closest reasoning, the most intricate mazes of history, the gravest doctrines of theology, in such fashion that the reader was profited while he thought he was only being delighted, and charmed while he was informed!

The thing has been done; of course it is very difficult to do it; and to do it demands remarkable gifts of nature and training. The extraordinary thing is that where a man has, by much pains, or by extraordinary felicity, added interest to utility,—given you solid thought in an attractive form,—many people will, and that not entirely of envy, but through *bonâ fide* stupidity, at once say that the interesting sermon, the picturesque history, the lively argument, is flimsy and flashy, superficial, wanting in depth, and so forth. Yet if you think it unpardonable in the cook, who has excellent food given to prepare, to send it up spoiled and barely eatable, is it not quite as bad in the man who has given to him important facts, solemn doctrines, weighty reasons, yet who presents them to his readers or hearers in a tough, dry, stupid shape? Does the turbot, the saddle of mutton, cease to be nutritious be-

cause it is well cooked? And wherefore, then, should the doctrine or argument become flimsy because it is put skilfully and interestingly? I do believe there are people who think that in the world of mind, if a good beef-steak be well cooked, it turns in the process into a stick of barley-sugar.

To this class belongs the great majority of stupid people, and also of quiet, steady-going people, of fair average ability. Among the latter there is not only a dislike of clever men, arising from envy: but a real honest fear of what they may do, arising from a belief that a very clever man cannot be a safe or judicious man, and that a striking view cannot be a sound view. Once upon a time, in a certain church, I heard a sermon preached by a certain great preacher. The congregation listened with breathless attention. The sermon was indeed a very remarkable one; and I remember well how I thought that never before had I understood the magic spell which is exerted by fervid eloquence. And walking away from church, I was looking back upon the track of thought over which the preacher had borne the congregation, and thinking how skilfully and admirably he had carried his hearers, easily and interestedly, through very difficult ground, and over a very long journey. Thus musing, I encountered a very stupid clergyman who had been in church too. "Did you hear Mr. M——?" said he. "It was mere flash; very flimsy; all flowers. Nothing solid." With wonder I regarded my stupid friend. I said to him: Strip off from the sermon all the fancy and all the feeling; look at the bare skeleton of thought: and then I stated it to the man. Is not *that*, said I, a marvel of metaphysical acuteness, of rigorous logic, of exact symmetry? Cut off the flash as you call it; here is the solid residuum; is *that* slight or flashy? Is there not three times the thought of ordinary humdrum sermons even in quantity, not to name the incalculable difference in the matter of quality? On this latter point, indeed, I did not insist; for with some folk quantity is the only measure of thought; and in the world of ideas a turnip is with such equal to a pineapple, provided they be of the same size. "Don't you see," said I, with growing wrath, to my stupid friend, who regarded me meanwhile with a stolid stare, "that it only shows what an admirable preacher Mr. M—— is, if he was able to carry a whole congregation in rapt attention along a line of thought, in traversing which you and I would have put all our hearers asleep? You and I might possibly have given the thought like the diamond as it comes from the mine, a dull pebble; and because that eminent man gave it polished and glancing, is it therefore not a diamond

still?" Of course, it was vain to talk. The stolid preacher kept by his one idea. The sermon could not be solid, because it was brilliant. Because there was gleam and glitter, there could not be anything besides. What more could be said? I knew that my stupid friend had on his side the majority of the race.

It is irritating, when you have written an essay with care, after a great deal of thought, to find people talk slightly of it as very light. "The essays of Mr. Q—— are sensible and well written, but the order of thought is of the lightest," I found these words in a review of certain essays, written by a man who had evidently read the essays. Ask people what they mean by such vague phrases of disparagement; and if you can get them to analyze their feeling, you will find that in five cases out of six, they mean simply that they can read the compositions with interest? Is *that* any thing against them? *That* does not touch the question whether they are weighty and sound. They may be sound and weighty for all that. Of course, that which is called *severe thought* cannot, however skilfully put and illustrated, be so easily followed by undisciplined minds. But in most cases the people who talk of a man's writings being light, know nothing at all about severe thinking. They mean that they are sure that an essay is solid, if they find it uninteresting. It must be good if it be a weary task to get through it. The lack of interest is the great test that the composition is of a high order. It must be dignified, because it is so dull. You read it with pleasure; therefore it must be flimsy. You read it with weariness; therefore it must be solid. Or, to put the principle in its simplest form—the essay must be bad because it is so good. The essay must be good, because it is so bad. Here we have the foundation principle of the grand doctrine of the dignity of dulness.

And, by hosts of people, the principle is unsparingly applied. An interesting book is flimsy, because it is interesting. An interesting sermon is flimsy, because it is interesting. They are referred to the class of light literature. And it is undignified to be light. It is grand, it is clerical, it is worthy of a cabinet minister, it is even archiepiscopal, to write a book which no one would voluntarily read. But some stupid people think it unclerical to write a book which sensible folk will read with pleasure. It would amuse Mr. Kingsley, and I am sure it would do no more than amuse him, to hear what I have heard steady-going individuals say about his writings. The question whether the doctrines he enforces be true or not, they cared not for at all. Neither did they in-

quire whether or not he enforces, with singular fervor and earnestness, certain doctrines of far-reaching practical moment. That matters not. He enforces them in books which it is interesting and even enchainingly to read; and this suffices (in their judgment) to condemn these books. I have heard stupid people say that it was not worthy of Archbishop Whately to write those admirable *Annotations on Bacon's Essays*. No doubt that marvellously acute intellect does in those *Annotations* apply itself to a great variety of themes and purposes, greater and lesser, like a steam-hammer which can weld a huge mass of red-hot iron, and with equal facility drive a nail into a plank by successive gentle taps. No doubt the volume sometimes discusses grave matters in a grave manner, and sometimes matters less grave (but still with a serious bearing on life and its affairs) in a playful manner. But on the whole, if you wished to convey to a stranger to the archbishop's writings (supposing that among educated people you could find one) some notion of the extent and versatility of his powers, it is probable that, of all his books, *this* is the one you would advise the stranger to read. "Not so," said my friend Dr. Log. "The archbishop should not have published such a work."

Who ever heard of an archbishop who wrote a book which young men and women would read because they enjoyed it? The book could not be dignified, because it was not dull. Why did the steady old gentlemen among the fellows of a certain college in the university of Cambridge, a good many years ago, turn out and vote against a certain clergyman's becoming their head, who was infinitely the most distinguished of their number, and upon whose becoming their head every one had counted with certainty? He was a very distinguished scholar, a very successful tutor: a man of dignified manners and irreproachable character. Had he been no more, he had been the head of his college, and he had been a bishop now. But there was an objection which, in the minds of these frail but steady old gentlemen, could not be got over. *His sermons were interesting!* His warmest friends could not say that they were dull. When he came to do his duty as select preacher before the university, the church wherein he preached was crowded to excess. Not merely was the unbecoming spectacle witnessed of all the pews being filled; but it could not be concealed that the passages were crowded with human beings who were content to stand throughout the service. The old gentlemen could not bear this. The head of a college must be dignified; and how could a man be dignified who

was not dull, even in the pulpit? The younger fellows were unanimous in the great preacher's favor; but the old gentlemen formed the majority, and they were unanimous against him. Some people suggested that they were envious of his greater eminence: that they wished to put down the man who, at a comparatively early age, had so vastly surpassed themselves. The theory was uncharitable; it was more—it was false. Jealousy had little part in the minds of these frail but safe old men. They honestly believed that the great preacher could not be solid or dignified, because he was brilliant and attractive. They never heard his sermons; but they were sure that something must be wrong about the sermons, because multitudes wished to hear them. Is not the normal feeling after listening to a sermon to its close, one of gentle, unexpressed relief? The great preacher was rejected, and an excellent man was elected in his stead, who could not fail to be dignified, for never mortal was more dull. Cardinal Wiseman tells us very frankly that the great principle of the dignity of dulness is always recognized and acted on by the gentlemen who elect the pope. Gravity, approaching to stolidity; slowness of motion, approaching to entire standing-still; are (as a general rule) requisite in the human beings who succeed to the chair of St. Peter. It has been insinuated that in the Church of England similar characteristics are (or at least were) held essential in those who are made bishops, and, above all, archbishops. You can never be sure that a man will not do wrong who is likely to do anything at all. But if it be perfectly ascertained that a man will do nothing, you may be satisfied that he will do nothing wrong. This is one consideration; but the further one is the pure and simple dignity of dulness. A clergyman may look forward to a bishopric if he write books which are unreadable, but not if he write books which are readable. The chance of Dr. Log is infinitely better than that of Mr. Kingsley. And nothing can be more certain than that the principle of the dignity of dulness kept the mitre from the head of Sydney Smith. I do not mean to say that he was a suitable man to be a bishop. I think he was not. But it was not because of any thing really unclerical about the genial man that he was excluded. The people who excluded him did not hesitate to appoint men obnoxious to more serious charges than Sydney Smith. But then, whatever these men were or were not, they were all dull. They wrote much, some of them; but nobody ever read what they wrote. But Sydney Smith was interesting. You could read his writings with pleasure. He

was unquestionably the reverse of dull, and therefore certainly the reverse of dignified. Through much of his latter life the same suspicion has, with millions of safe-going folk, thrown a shadow on Lord Brougham. He was too lively. What he wrote was too interesting. Solid old gentlemen feared for his good sense. They thought they never could be sure what he would do next. Even Lord St. Leonards lost standing with many when he published his *Handy Book on Property Law*. A lord-chancellor writing a book sold at railway stations, and read (with interest, too) in railway carriages! What was the world coming to? But it was quite becoming in the great man to produce that elaborate and authoritative work on *Vendors and Purchasers*, of which I have often beheld the outside, but never the inside. And wherefore did the book besem a chancellor? Wherefore but because to the ordinary reader it was heavy as lead. Have not you, my reader, often heard like criticism of Lord Campbell's interesting volumes of the biography of his predecessors? "Very interesting; very well written; much curious information; but not quite the thing for the first man on the judicial bench of Britain to write. Now, upon what is this criticism founded, but upon the grand principle that liveliness and interest do not become the compositions of a man in important office: in brief, that *that* is not dignified, which is not dull.

But let us not be extreme. Let it be admitted that the principle has some measure of truth. There are facts which appear to give it countenance, which really do give it countenance. *Punch* is more interesting than a sermon, *that* is admitted as a fact. The tacit inference is that an interesting sermon must have become interesting by unduly approximating to *Punch*. There is literature which may properly be termed light. There is thought which is superficial, flimsy, slight, and so on. There are compositions which are brilliant without being solid, in which there are many flowers and little fruit. And no doubt, by the nature of things, this light and flashy thought is more interesting, and more easily followed, than more solid material. You can read *Vanity Fair* when you could not read Butler's *Analogy*. You can read *Punch* when you could not read *Vanity Fair*. And the *a priori* presumption may be, when you find a composition of a grave class which is as interesting as one of a lighter class, that this interest has been attained by some sacrifice of the qualities which besem a composition of a grave class. Let our rule be as follows: If the treatise under consideration be interesting because it treats of light subjects,

which in themselves are more interesting than grave ones (as play always must be more pleasing than work), let the treatise be classed as light. But if in the treatise you find grave and serious thoughts set out in such a fashion as to be interesting, then all honor to the author of that treatise! He is not a slight, superficial writer, though stupid people may be ready to call him so. He is, in truth, a grave and serious writer, though he has succeeded in charming while he instructs. He is truly dignified, though he be not dull. He is doing a noble work, enforcing a noble principle: the noble principle, to wit (which most people silently assume is false), that what is right need not of necessity be so very much less attractive than what is wrong. The general belief is, that right is prosy, humdrum, commonplace, dull; and that the poetry of existence, the gleam, the music, the thrill, the romance, are with delightful wrong. And taking work as the first meridian, marking what is right, many people really hold that any approximation to play (and all that interests and pleases is in so far an approximation to play) is a deflection in the direction of wrong, inasmuch as it is beyond question a marked departure from the line of ascertained right. Let us get rid of the notion! In morals, the opposite of right need not be wrong. Many things are right, and their opposites right too. Work is right. Play is the opposite of work, yet play is right too. Gravity is right: interest is right too; and though practically these two things seem opposed, they need not be so. And as we should bless the man who would teach us how to idealize our work into play, so should we bless the man who is able to blend gravity and interest together. Such a man as Macaulay was virtually spreading the flag of defiance in the face of stupid people holding a stupid belief, and declaring by every page he wrote, that what is right need not be unpleasant; that what is interesting need not be flimsy; that what is dignified need not be dull.

I am well aware that it is hopeless to argue with a prejudice so rooted as that in favor of the dignity of dulness; and especially hopeless when I am obliged to admit that I cannot entirely oppose that principle, that I feel a certain justice in it. Slowness of motion, I have said, is essentially more dignified than rapidity of motion. There is something dignified about an elephant walking along, with massive tramp; there is nothing dignified about a frisking greyhound, light, airy, graceful. And it is to be admitted that some men frisk through a subject like a greyhound; others tramp through it like an elephant. And though the playful greyhound

fashion of writing, that dallies and toys with a subject, may be the more graceful and pleasing, the dignity doubtless abides with the stern, slow, straightforward, elephantine tramp. The *Essays of Elia* delight you, but you stand in no awe of their author; the contrary is the case with a charge of Lord Chief-Justice Ellenborough. And so thoroughly elephantine are the mental movements of some men, that even their rare friskiness is elephantine. Every one must know this who is at all acquainted with the ponderous and cowlike curvetings of the *Rambler*. Physical agility is inconsistent with physical dignity; mental agility with mental dignity. You could not for your life very greatly esteem the solemn advices given you from the pulpit on Sunday, by a clergyman whom you had seen whirling about in a polka on Friday evening. The momentum of that rotary movement would cling to him (in your feeling) still. I remember when I was a little boy what a shock it was to my impressions of judicial dignity to see a departed chief justice cantering down Constitution-hill on a tall, thoroughbred chestnut. The swift movement befitted not my recollections of the judgment-seat, the ermine, the great full-bottomed wig. I felt aggrieved and mortified even by the tallness and slenderness of the chestnut horse. Had the judge been mounted on a dray horse of enormous girth and vast breadth (even if not very high) I should have been comparatively content. Breadth was the thing desiderated by the youthful heart; breadth, and the solidity which goes with breadth, and the slowness of motion which goes with solid extension, and the dignity which goes with slowness of motion. I speak of impression made on the undisciplined human soul, doubtless; but then the normal impression made by any thing is the impression it makes on the undisciplined human soul. In the world of mind, you may educate human nature into a condition in which all tendencies shall be reversed; in which fire shall wet you, and water dry you. Who does not know that the estimation in which the humbler folk of a rural parish regard their clergyman, depends in a great degree upon his physical size? A man six feet high will command greater reverence than one of five feet six; but if the man of five feet six in height be six feet in circumference, then he will command greater reverence than the man of six feet in height, provided the latter be thin. And after great reflection, I am led to the conclusion, that the true cause of this bucolic dignity does not abide in mere size. Dignity, even in the country, is not in direct proportion to extension, as such. No; it is in direct proportion to that slowness of movement which comes of solid extension. A

man who walks very fast is less dignified than a man who walks very slow; and that which conduces to the slow, ponderous, measured step, is a valuable accessory to personal dignity. But the connection is not so essential as the unthinking might conclude between personal dignity and personal bulk. Now, the composition, whether written or spoken, of some men, is (so to speak) a display of mental agility. It is the result of rapid mental movements, you can see. Not with massive heaves and sinkings, like the engines of an ocean steamship, did the mental machinery play that turned off such a book, such a speech, such an essay; but rather with rapid jerkings of little cranks, and invisible whirlings of little wheels. And the thing manufactured is pretty, not grand. It is very nice. You conclude that as the big steam-engine cannot play very fast, so the big mind too. The mind that can go at a tremendous pace, you conclude to be a little mind. The mind that can skip about, you conclude cannot be a massive mind. There are truth and falsehood in your conclusion. Very great minds, guided by very comprehensive views, have with lightning-like promptitude rushed to grand decisions and generalizations. But it cannot be denied that ponderous machinery, physical and mental, generally moves slowly. And in the mental world, many folk readily suppose that the machinery which moves slowly is certainly ponderous. A man who gets up to speak in a deliberative assembly, and with a deep voice from an extensive chest, and inscrutable meaning depicted on massive features, slowly states his views, with long pauses between the members of his sentences, and very long pauses between his sentences, will by many people be regarded as making a speech which is very heavy metal indeed. Possibly it may be; possibly it may not. I ought to say, that the most telling deliberative speaker I ever heard, speaks in that slow fashion. But when he speaks on an important subject which interests him, every deliberate word goes home like a cannon-ball. He speaks in eighty-four pounders. But I have heard men as slow, who spoke in large soap-bubbles. And of all lightness of thought, deliver us from ponderous lightness! Nothings are often excusable, and sometimes pleasing; but pompous nothings are always execrable. I have known men who, morally speaking, gave away tickets for very inferior parish soup with the air of one freely dispensing invitations to the most sumptuous banquet that ever was provided by mortal. Oh! to stick in a skewer, and see the great wind-bag collapse!

You do not respect the jackpudding who amuses you, though he may amuse you re-

markedly well. The more you laugh at him, the less you respect him. And, to the vulgar apprehension, any man who amuses you, or who approaches towards amusing you, or who produces any thing which interests you (which is an approximation towards amusing you), will be regarded as, *quoad hoc*, approaching undignifiedly in the direction of the jackpudding. The only way in which to make sure that not even the vulgar mind shall discern this approximation, is to instruct while you carefully avoid interesting, and still more amusing, even in the faintest degree. Even wise men cannot wholly divest themselves of the prejudice. You cannot but feel an inconsistency between the ideas of Mr. Disraeli writing *Henrietta Temple*, and Mr. Disraeli leading the House of Commons. You feel that somehow it costs an effort to feel that there is nothing unbefitting when the author of *The Caxtons* becomes a secretary of state. You fancy, at the first thought, that you would have had greater confidence in some sound, steady, solid old gentleman, who never amused or interested you in any way. The office to be filled is a dignified one; and how can a man befit a dignified office who has interested and amused you so much?

But the consideration which above all others leads the sober majority of mankind to respect and value decent and well-conducted dulness, is the consideration of the outrageous practical folly, and the insufferable wickedness, which many men of genius appear to have regarded it their prerogative to indulge in. You can quite understand how plain, sensible people may abhor an eccentric genius, and wish rather for sound principle and sound sense. And probably most men whose opinion is of much value, would be thankful to have decent dulness in their nearest relations, rather than the brilliant aberrations of such men as Shelley, Byron, and Coleridge. Give us the plain man who will do his work creditably in life; who will support his children and pay his debts; rather than the very clever man who fancies that his cleverness sets him free from all the laws which bind commonplace mortals; who does not think himself called upon to work for his bread, but sponges upon industrious men, or howls out because the nation will not support him in idleness; who wonders at the sordid tradesman who asks him to pay for the clothes he wears, and leaves his children to be educated by any one who takes a fancy for doing so; who violates all the dictates of common morality and common prudence, and blasphemes because he gets into trouble by doing so; who will not dress, or eat, or sleep like other

men; who wears round jackets to annoy his wife, and scribbles *Atheist* after his name in traveller's books; and in brief, who is distinguished by no characteristic so marked as the entire absence of common sense. I think, reader, that if you were sickened by a visit of a month's duration from one of these geniuses you would resolve that for the remainder of your life only dull, commonplace, respectable mortals should ever come under your roof. Let us be thankful that the days in which high talent was generally associated with such eccentricities are happily passing away. Clever men are now content to dress, look, and talk like beings of this world; and above all, they appear to understand that however clever a man may be, that is no reason why he should not pay his butcher's bill. How fine a character was that of Sir Walter Scott, combining homely sense with great genius! And how different from the hectic, morbid, unprincipled, and indeed blackguard mental organization of various brilliant men of the last age, was Shakspeare's calm and well-balanced mind! It is only the second-rate genius who is eccentric, and only the tenth-rate who is unintelligible.

But if one is driven to a warm sympathy with the humdrum and decently dull, by contemplating the absurdities and vagaries of men of real genius, even more decidedly is that result produced by contemplating the ridiculous little curvetings and prancings of affectedly eccentric men of no genius. You know, my reader, the provincial celebrity of daily life; you know what a nuisance he is. You know how almost every little country town in Britain has its eminent man—its man of letters. He has written a book, or it is whispered that he writes in certain periodicals, and simple human beings, who know nothing of proof-sheets, look upon him with a certain awe. He varies in age and appearance. If young, he wears a moustache and long, dishevelled hair; if old, a military cloak, which he disposes in a brig-and form. He walks the street with an abstracted air, as though his thoughts were wandering beyond the reach of the throng. He is fond of solitude, and he gratifies his taste by going to the most frequented places within reach, and there assuming a look of rapt isolation. Sometimes he may be seen to gesticulate wildly, and to dig his umbrella into the pavement as though it were a foe-man's breast. Occasionally moody laughter may be heard to proceed from him, as from one haunted by fearful thoughts. His fat and rosy countenance somewhat belies the anguish which is preying upon his vitals. He goes much to tea-parties, where he tells

the girls that the bloom of life has gone for him, and drops dark hints of the mental agony he endures in reviewing his earlier life. He bids them not to ask what is the grief that consumes him, but to be thankful that they do not, cannot know. He drops hints how the spectres of the past haunt him at the midnight hour; how conscience smites him with chilly hand for his youthful sins. The truth is that he was always a very quiet lad, and never did any harm to anybody. Occasionally, when engaged in conversation with some one on whom he wishes to make an impression, he exclaims, suddenly, "Hold! let me register that thought." He pauses for a minute, gazing intently on the heavens; then exclaims, "'Tis done!" and takes up the conversation

where it was interrupted. He fancies that his companion thinks him a great genius. His companion, in fact, thinks him a poor silly fool.

And now, my friend, turning away from these matters, let us sit down on this large stone, warm in the April sunshine, by the river side. Swiftly the river glides away. The sky is bright blue, the water is crystal clear, and a soft wind comes through those budding branches. In the field on the other side I see a terrier and a cow. The terrier frisks about; solemnly stands the cow. Let us think here for a while; we need not talk. And for an accompaniment to the old remembrances which such a day as this brings back, let us have the sound of that flowing river.

A. K. H. B.

THE FARALLONES.—Some particulars relative to those rocky islets, the Farallones—collected from various sources—may interest our readers. The Farallones are in the Pacific Ocean, within the legislative limits of the city and county of San Francisco. They embrace the northerly, middle, and south-easterly groups. The northerly cluster is made up of five rocks; the middle is a single rock; the southerly is the largest. The last is two miles in circumference. Upon it the lighthouse stands, the top of the tower of which is three hundred and sixty feet above the level of the sea. This island is about twenty-three and a half miles westward from the Golden Gate. It is really difficult to imagine a more desolate place than these rocky islets present to view, they being a mass of jagged granite. Neither a tree nor a shrub relieves the eye by contrast, or gives change to the exceeding barrenness of the landscape.

Collectively, these islets may be considered as the most extensive poultry-yard in the world, for here may be found in myriads the bird described by Buffon as the *Guillamot*—the *Uria Troile* of Linnaeus—which lays its eggs upon the bare rocks. The appellation of the "Foolish Guillamot" has been given to this species by Latham, from the fact of its being with difficulty roused to flight, and often allowing itself to be caught by the hand, particularly during incubation. Audubon, in his great national work, gives a charming account of the habits of this interesting species (the *Murre*), which is also known to the eggers and fishermen of the Northern Atlantic. Some idea may be formed of their numbers when it is known that each bird, during the season, lays but a single egg, and that since 1851 upwards of five million of their eggs have

been sold in the San Francisco market. They are of a pale green color, blotched with amber, and are much in demand in restaurants. The egg season lasts about six weeks, from the middle of May to the end of June.

The bird of the most varied and brilliant plumage to be found here is the *Tufted Puffin*. Though rather numerous on this coast, it is elsewhere very rare, as is the *Horned-bill Guillamot*, which has been also seen and caught here. Of neither of these had Audubon ever met with a living specimen. Here, also, may be seen the huge seals, called sea-lions (*Phoca Otaria Jubata*). This species attains a weight of three thousand pounds. Occasionally, they are very savage, particularly during the nuptial season, when the fierce and bloody battles of the males render these isles of the ocean a very pandemonium.

A fog whistle, six inches in diameter, has been placed at the south side of the eastern part of the largest island, about two hundred and seventy-five feet above the water. It is erected over a natural hole in the roof of a subterranean passage, connected with and open to the ocean, and is blown by the rush of air through the passage, caused by the sea breaking into its mouth. Except about an hour before and after high water, the whistle should be heard at all times, even at a distance of seven or eight miles. The vast advantage of this ingenious invention cannot be too highly appreciated by navigators on this coast, where fogs are so frequent.

The title to these islands is, most probably, in the federal government. However, they did not escape the avaricious eye of Limantour, as they were included in the "gigantic swindle."—*San Francisco Bulletin*.

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THE FAIR AT KEADY.

BY ALEXANDER SMITH.

My friend, John Penruddock, over in Ireland, with whom I spent a month last summer, made a deeper impression on me than I can tell. For years I had not seen such a man. There was a reality and honest stuff in him, which, in living with him and watching his daily goings on, revealed itself hour by hour, quite new to me. The people I had been accustomed to meet, talk with, live with, were so different. The tendency of each of these was towards art in one form or other; and there was a certain sadness somehow in the contemplation of them. They fought and strove bravely, but like the Old Guard at Waterloo, it was brave fighting on a lost field. After years of toil there were irremediable defects in that man's picture; fatal flaws in that man's book. In all their efforts were failure and repulse, apparent to some extent to themselves, plain enough to me, the passionless looker-on. That resolute, hopeless climbing of heaven of theirs, was, according to the mood, a thing to laugh at or a thing to weep over. With Penruddock, all was different. What he strove after he accomplished. He had a cheerful mastery over circumstances. All things went well with him. His horses ploughed for him, his servants reaped for him, his mills ground for him successfully. The very winds and dews were to him helps and aids. Year after year his crops grew, yellowed, were cut down, and gathered into barns, and men fed thereupon; and year after year there lay an increased balance at his banker's. This continual, ever victorious activity of his seemed strange to me. We usually think that poets, painters, and the like, are finer, more heroic than cultivators of the ground. But does the production of a questionable book really surpass in merit the production of a field of unquestionable turnips? Perhaps, in the severe eyes of the gods, the production of a wooden porringer, watertight and fit for household uses, is of more account than the rearing of a tower of Babel, meant to reach to heaven. Alas! that so many must work on these Babel towers; cannot help toiling on them to the very death, though every stone is heaved into its place with weariness and mortal pain; though, when the life of the builder is wasted out on it, it is fit habitation for no creature, can shelter no one from rain or winter snow, towering in the eyes of men a *Folly* (as the Scotch phrase it) after all.

Penruddock had promised to take me to see the fair at Keady a fortnight before it came off; but was obliged on the day imme-

diately preceding that event to leave his farm at Arran-More on matter of important business. It was a wretched day of rain, and I began to tremble for the morrow. After dinner the storm abated, and the dull dripping afternoon set in. While a distempered sunset flushed the west, the heavy carts from the fields came rolling into the courtyard, the horses fetlock deep in clay, and steaming like ovens. Then, at the sound of the bell, the laborers came, wet, weary, sickles hanging over their arms, yet with spirits merry enough. These the capacious kitchen received, where they found supper spread. It grew dark earlier than usual, and more silent. The mill-wheel rushed louder in the swollen stream, and lights began to glimmer here and there in the dusty windows. Penruddock had not yet come. He was not due for a couple of hours. The time began to hang heavily; so, slipping to my bed, I solved every difficulty by falling asleep.

The lowing of cattle, the bleating of sheep, the barking of dogs, and the loud voices of men in the courtyard beneath, awoke me shortly after dawn. In the silence that ensued I again fell asleep, and was roused at last by the clangor of the breakfast-bell. When I got up, the sun was streaming gloriously through the latticed window; heaven was all the gayer and brighter now for yesterday's gloom and sulky tears, and the rooks were cawing and flapping cheerfully in the trees above. When I entered the breakfast-room, Penruddock was already there, nothing the worse for his journey; and the teaturn was bubbling on the table.

At the close of the meal, Tim brought the dog-cart to the door. Pen glanced at his watch. "We have hit the time exactly, and will arrive as soon as Mick and the cattle." There was an encouraging chir-r-r, a flick of the whip, and in a trice we were across the bridge, and pegging along the highway at a great pace.

After proceeding about a mile, we turned into a narrow path which gradually led us up into a wild, irregular country. Corn-fields, flax-tanks, and sunny pasture lands, dotted with sheep, were left behind as uphill we tugged, and reached at last a level stretch of purple moor and black peat bog. Sometimes for a mile the ground was black with pyramids of peat; at other times the road wriggled before us through a dark olive morass, enlivened here and there with patches of treacherous green; the sound of our wheels startling into flight the shy and solitary birds native to the region. Ever and anon, too, when we gained sufficient elevation, we could see the great waves of the landscape rolling in clear morning light away

to the horizon; each wave crested with farms and belts of woodland, and here and there wreaths of smoke rising up from hollows where towns and villages lay hid. After a while the road grew smoother, and afar the little town of Keady sparkled in the sun, backed by a range of smelting furnaces, the flames tamed by the sunlight, making a restless shimmer in the air, and blotting out every thing beyond. Beneath us the high-road was covered with sheep and cows, and vehicles of every description, pushing forward to one point; the hill paths also which led down to it were moving threads of life. On the brow of the hill, just before we began to descend, John pulled up for a moment. It was a pretty sight! A few minutes' drive brought us into Keady, and such a busy scene I had never before witnessed. The narrow streets and open spaces were crowded with stalls, cattle, and people, and the press and confusion were so great that our passage to the inn where our machine was to be put up was matter of considerable difficulty. Men, stripped to trousers and shirt, with red hair streaming in the wind, rushed backwards and forwards with horses, giving vent at the same time to the wildest vociferations, while clumps of sporting gentlemen, with straws in their mouths, were inspecting with critical eyes the points of the animals. Travelling auctioneers set up their little carts in the streets, and with astonishing effrontery and power of lung, harangued the crowd on the worth and cheapness of the articles which they held in their hands. Beggars were very plentiful, disease and deformity their stock-in-trade. Fragments of humanity crawled about upon crutches. Women stretched out shrunken arms. Blind men rolled sightless eyeballs, blessing the passenger when a copper tinkled in their iron jugs; cursing yet more fervently when disappointed in their expectation.

In one place a melancholy acrobat in dirty tights, and faded tinsel, was performing evolutions with a crazy chair on a bit of ragged carpet; he threw somersaults over it, he stood upon his head, he embraced it firmly and began spinning along the ground like a wheel, in which performance man and chair seemed to lose their individuality and become one as it were; and at the close of every feat he stood erect with that indescribable curve of the right hand which should always be followed by thunders of applause, the clown meanwhile rolling in ecstasies of admiration in the sawdust. Alas! no applause followed the exertions of the artist. The tights were getting more threadbare and dingy. His hollow face was covered with perspiration, and there was but the sparest sprinkling of halfpence. I threw him half

a crown, but it rolled among the spectators' feet and was lost in the dust. He groped about in search of it for some little time, and then came back to his carpet and his crazy chair. Poor fellow! he looked as if he were used to that kind of thing. There were many pretty faces among the girls, and scores of them were walking about in holiday dresses. Rosy-faced lasses with black hair and blue eyes shadowed by long, dark eyelashes. How they laughed, and how sweetly the brogue melted from their lips in reply to the ardent blarney of their sweethearts! At last we reached an open square, or cross, as it would be called in Scotland, more crowded if possible, than the narrow streets. Hordes of cattle bellowed here. Here were sheep from the large farms standing in clusters of fifties and hundreds; there a clump of five or six with the widow in her clean cap sitting beside them. Many an hour ago she and they started from the turf hut and the pasture beyond the hills. Heaven send her a ready sale and good prices! In the centre of this open space great benches were erected, heaped with eggs, butter, cheeses, the proprietors standing behind anxiously awaiting the advances of customers. One section was crowded with sweetmeat stalls, much frequented by girls and their sweethearts. Many a rustic compliment there had for reply a quick glance or a scarlet cheek. Another was devoted to poultry; geese stood about in flocks, bunches of hens were scattered on the ground, their legs tied together; and turkeys, inclosed in wicker baskets, surveyed the scene with quick eyes, their wattles all the while burning with indignation. On reaching the inn, which displayed for ensign a swan with two heads afloat on an azure stream, we ordered dinner at three o'clock, and thereafter started on foot to where Penruddock's stock was stationed. It was no easy matter to force a path; cows and sheep were always getting in the way. Now and then an escaped hen would come clucking and flapping among our feet; and once a huge bull, with horns levelled to the charge, came dashing down the street, scattering every thing before him. Finally, we reached the spot where Mick and his dogs were keeping watch over the cows and sheep.

"Got here all safe, Mick, I see."

"All safe, sir, not a quarter o' an hour ago."

"Well, Burdett, I have opened my shop. We'll see how we get on."

By this time the dealers had gathered about, and were closely examining the sheep, and holding whispered consultations. At length, an excited-looking man came running forward; plunging his hands into his breeches pocket, he produced therefrom

half a crown, which he slapped into Penruddock's hand, at the same time crying out "Ten-and-six a head." "Fifteen," said John returning the coin. "Twelve shillings," said the man bringing down the coin with tremendous energy; "an' may I niver stir if I'll give another farthin' for the best sheep in Keady." "Fifteen," said John, flinging the half-crown on the ground; "and I don't care whether you stir again or not." By this time a crowd had gathered about, and the chorus began. "There isn't a dacent man than Mr. Penruddock in the market. I've known him iver since he came to the country." "Shure an' he is," began another; "he's a jintleman every inch. He always gives to the poor man a bit o' baccay, or a glass. Ach, Mr. Loney, he's not the one to ax you too high a price. Shure, Mr. Penruddock, you'll come down a sixpence jist to make a bargain." "Is't Mr. Loney that's goin' to buy?" cried a lame man from the opposite side, and in the opposite interest. "There isn't sich a dealer in the county Monaghan as Mr. Loney. Of coorse, you'll come down something, Mr. Penruddock." "He's a rich one, too, is Mr. Loney," said the lame man, sidling up to John, and winking in a knowing manner, "an' a power o' notes he has in his pocket-book." Mr. Loney, who had been whispering with his group a little apart, and who had again made an inspection of the stock, returned the second time to the charge. "Twelve-an'-six," cried he, and again the half-crown was slapped into Penruddock's palm. "Twelve-an'-six, an' not another farthin' to save my soul." "Fifteen," said John, returning the half-crown with equal emphasis; "you know my price, and if you wont take it, you can let it stand." The dealer disappeared in huge wrath, and the chorus broke out in praises of both. By this time Mr. Loney was again among the sheep; it was plain his heart was set upon the purchase. Every now and then he caught one, got it between his legs, examined the markings on its face, and tested the depth and quality of its wool. He appeared for the third time, while the lame man and the leader of the opposing chorus seemed coming to blows, so zealous were they in the praises of their respective heroes. "Fourteen," said Mr. Loney, again producing the half-crown, spitting into his hand at the same time, as much as to say, he would do the business now. "Fourteen," he cried, crushing the half-crown into Penruddock's hand and, holding it there. "Fourteen, an' devil a rap more I'll give." "Fourteen," said John, as if considering, then throwing back the coin, "Fourteen-and-six, and let it be a bargain."

"Didn't I say," quoth John's chorus-

leader, looking round him with an air of triumph, "didn't I say that Mr. Penruddock's a jintleman? Ye see how he drops the sixpence. I niver saw him do a mane thing yet. Ach, he's the jintleman ivery inch, an' that's saying a dale, considerin' his size."

"Fourteen-an'-six be it then," said the dealer, bringing down the coin for the last time. "An' if I take the lot you'll give me two pounds in t' myself?"

"Well, Loney, I don't care, although I do," said Penruddock, pocketing the coin at last. A roll of notes was produced, the sum counted out, and the bargain concluded. The next moment Loney was among the sheep, scoring some mark or other on their backs with a piece of red chalk. Penruddock scattered what spare coppers he possessed among the bystanders, and away they went to sing the praises of the next bargainer.

Pen turned to me laughing. "This is a nice occupation for a gentleman of respectable birth and liberal education, is it not?"

"Odd. It is amusing to watch the process by which your sheep are converted into bank-notes. Does your friend Mr. Loney, buy the animals for himself?"

"Oh, dear, no. We must have middlemen of one kind or another in this country. Loney is commissioned to purchase, and is allowed so much on the transaction."

By this time a young handsome fellow pushed his horse through the crowd and approached us. "Good morning," cried he to Penruddock. "Any business doing?"

"I have just sold my sheep."

"Good price?"

"Fair. Fourteen-and-six."

"Ah, not so bad. These cattle, I suppose, are yours? We must try if we can't come to a bargain about them." Dismounting, he gave his horse in keeping to a lad, and he and John went off to inspect the stock.

Business was proceeding briskly on all sides. There was great higgling as to prices, and shillings and half-crowns were tossed in a wonderful manner from palm to palm. Apparently, no transaction could be transacted without that ceremony, whatever it might mean. Idlers were everywhere celebrating the merits and "dacency" of the various buyers and sellers. Huge, greasy leather pocket-books of undoubted antiquity, were to be seen in many a hand, and rolls of bank-notes were deftly changing owners. The ground, too, was beginning to clear, and purchasers were driving off their cattle. Many of the dealers who had disposed of stock were taking their ease in the inns. You could see them looking out of the open windows; and, occasionally, a man whose

potations had been early and excessive went whooping through the crowd. In a short time John returned with his friend.

"Captain Broster," said John, presenting him, "has promised to dine with us at three. Sharp at the hour, mind, for we wish to leave early."

"I'll be punctual as clockwork," said the captain, turning to look after his purchases.

We strolled up and down till three o'clock, and then bent our steps to the inn, where we found Broster waiting. In honor to his guests the landlord himself brought in dinner, and waited with great diligence. When the table was cleared we had punch and cigars, and sat chatting at the open window. The space in front was tolerably clear of cattle now, but dealers were hovering about, standing in clumps, or promenading in parties of twos and threes. But at this point a new element had entered into the scene. It was dinner hour, and many of the forgemen from the furnaces above had come down to see what was going on. Huge, hulking, swarthy-featured fellows they were. Welshmen, chiefly, as I was afterwards told; who, confident in their strength, were at no pains to conceal their contempt for the natives. They, too, mingled in the crowd, but the greater number leaned lazily against the houses, smoking their short pipes and indulging in the dangerous luxury of "chaffing" the farmers. Many a rude wit-combat was going on, accompanied by roars of laughter, snatches of which we occasionally heard. Broster had been in the Crimea, was wounded at Alma, recovered, went through all the work and privation of the first winter of the siege, got knocked up, came home on sick leave, and having had enough of it, as he frankly confessed, took the opportunity on his father's death, which happened then, to sell out and settle as a farmer on a small property to which he fell heir. He chatted about the events of the war in an easy, familiar way, quietly, as if the whole affair had been a game at football; and when courage, strength, and splendid prospects were changed by unseen bullet, or grim bayonet stab, into a rude grave on the bleak plateau, the thing was mentioned as a mere matter of course! Sometimes a comrade's fate met with an expression of soldierly regret, slight and indifferent enough, yet with a certain pathos which no high-flown oration could reach. For the indifferent tone seemed to acquiesce in destiny, to consider that disappointment had been too common in the life of every man during the last six thousand years to warrant any raving or passionate surprise at this time of day; and that in any case our ordinary pulse and breath time our march to the grave; passion beats the double-

quick, and when it is all over, there is little need for outcry and the shedding of tears over the eternal rest. In the midst of his talk, voices rose in one of the apartments below: the noise became altercation, and immediately a kind of struggling or dragging was heard in the flagged passage, and then a tipsy forgerman was unceremoniously shot out into the square; and the inn door closed with an angry bang. The individual seemed to take the indignity in very good part; along he staggered, his hands in his pockets, heedless of the satirical gibes and remarks of his companions, who were smoking beneath our windows. Looking out, we could see that his eyes were closed, as if he scorned the outer world, possessing one so much more satisfactory within himself. As he went he began to sing from sheer excess of happiness; the following stanza coming distinctly to our ears:—

"When I was a chicken as big as a hen,
My mother 'ot me an' I 'ot her agen,
My father came for to see the r-r-row,
So I lifted my fist an' I 'ot him a clow."

"I hope that fellow wont come to grief," said Broster, as the forgerman lurched through a group of countrymen intent on a bargain, and passed on without notice or apology, his eyes closed, and singing as before,

"Ses my mother, ses she, there's a peeler at hand."

"By Jove, he's down at last, and there'll be the Devil to pay!" We looked out: the forgerman was prone in the dust, singing, and apparently unconscious that he had changed his position. A party of farmers were standing around laughing; one of them had put out his foot and tripped the forgerman as he passed. The next moment, a bare-armed, black-browed hammersmith stood out from the wall, and without so much as taking the pipe from his mouth, felled the dealer at a blow, and then looked at his companions as if wishing to be informed if he could do any thing in the same way for them. The blow was a match dropped in a powder magazine. Alelu! to the combat. There were shouts and yells. Insult had been rankling long in the breasts of both parties. Old scores had to be paid off. From every quarter, out of the inns, leaving potheen and ale, down the streets from among the cattle, the dealers came rushing to the fray. The forgemen mustered with alacrity, as if battle were the breath of their nostrils. In a few seconds, the square was the scene of a general *mêlée*. The dealers fought with their short, heavy sticks; the forgemen had but the weapons nature gave, but their arms were sinewed with iron, and every blow told like a ham-

mer. These last were overpowered for a while, but the alarm had already spread to the furnaces above, and parties of twos and threes came at a run, and flung themselves in to the assistance of their companions. Just at this moment, a couple of constables pressed forward into the mad, yelling crowd. A hammersmith came behind one, and seizing his arms, held him, despite his struggles, firmly as in a vice. The other was knocked over and trampled under foot. "Good heavens, murder will be done," cried Broster, lifting his heavy whip from the table. "We must try and put an end to this disgraceful scene. Will you join me?" "With heart and soul," said Penruddock, "and there is no time to be lost. Come along, Burdett." At the foot of the stair we found the landlord shaking in every limb. He had locked the door, and was standing in the passage with the key in his hand. "McQueen, we want out; open the door." "Shure, jintlemen, you'r not goin' just now? You'll be torn to pieces if you go."

"If you wont open the door give me the key, and I'll open it myself."

The landlord passively yielded: Broster unlocked the door, and flung the key down on the flagged passage. "Now, my lads," cried he to half a dozen countrymen who were hanging-on spectators on the skirts of the combat, and at the same time twisting his whip lash tightly around his right hand till the heavily leaded head became a formidable weapon, a blow from which would be effective on any skull of ordinary susceptibility; "Now my lads, we are resolved to put an end to this, will you assist us?" The captain's family had been long resident in the county, he was himself personally known to all of them, and a cheerful "Ay, ay," was the response. "Penruddock, separate them when you can, knock them over when you can't, Welshman or Irishman, it's quite the same." So saying, in we drove. Broster clove a way for himself, distributing his blows with great impartiality, and knocking over the combatants like ninepins. We soon reached the middle of the square, where the fight was hottest. The captain was swept away in an eddy for a moment, and right in front of Penruddock and myself two men were grappling on the ground. As they rolled over, we saw that one was the hammersmith who had caused the whole affray. We flung ourselves upon them, and dragged them up. The dealer with whom I was more particularly engaged had got the worst of it, and plainly wasn't sorry to be released from the clutches of his antagonist. With his foe it was different. His slow sullen blood was fairly in a blaze, and when John pushed him

aside, he dashed at him and struck him a severe blow on the face. In a twinkling, Penruddock's coat was off, while the faintest stream of blood trickled from his upper lip. "Well, my man," said he, as he stood ready for action, "if that's the game you mean to play at, I hope to give you a bellyful before I've done." "Seize that man, knock him over," said Broster; "you're surely not going to fight him, Penruddock, it's sheer madness; knock him over." "I tell you what it is," said Penruddock, turning savagely, "you sha'n't deprive me of the luxury of giving this fellow a sound hiding." Broster shrugged his shoulders, as if giving up the case. By this time the cry arose, "Black Jem's goin' to fight the gentleman," and a wide enough ring was formed. Many who were prosecuting small combats of their own desisted, that they might behold this greater one. Broster stood beside John. "He's an ugly mass of strength," whispered he, "and will hug you like a bear; keep him well off, and remain cool for Heaven's sake." "Ready?" said John, stepping forward. "As a lark i' the mornin'," growled Jem, as he took up his ground. The men were very wary, Jem retreating round and round, John advancing. Now and then one or other darted out a blow, but it was generally stopped, and no harm done. At last the blows went home; the blood began to rise. The men drew closer, and struck with greater rapidity. They are at it at last, hammer and tongs. No shirking or flinching now. Jem's was flowing. He was evidently getting severely punished. He couldn't last long at that rate. He fought desperately for a close, when a blinding blow full in the face brought him to the earth. He got up again like a madman, the whole bull-dog nature of him possessed and mastered by fierce, brutal rage. He cursed and struggled in the arms of his supporters to get at his enemy, but by main force they held him back till he recovered himself. "He'll be worked off in another round," I heard Broster whisper in my ear. Ah! here they come! I glanced at John for a moment as he stood with his eye on his foe. There was that in his face that boded no good. The features had hardened into iron somehow; the pitiless mouth was clenched, the eye cruel. A hitherto unknown part of his nature revealed itself to me as he stood there. Perhaps unknown to himself. God help us, what strangers we are to ourselves! In every man's nature there is an interior unexplored as that of Africa, and over that region what wild beasts may roam! But they are at it again; Jem still fights for a close, and every time his rush is stopped by a damaging blow. They

are telling rapidly; his countenance, by no means charming at the best, is rapidly transforming. Look at that hideously gashed lip! But he has dodged Penruddock's left this time, and clutched him in his brawny arms. Now comes the tug of war, skill pitted against skill, strength against strength. They breath for a little in one another's grip, as if summoning every energy. They are at it now, broad chest to chest. Now they seem motionless, but by the quiver of their frames you can guess the terrific strain going on. Now one has the better, now the other, as they twine round each other, lithe and supple as serpents. Penruddock yields! No! That's a bad dodge of Jem's. By Jove he loses his grip. All is over with him. John's brow grows dark; the veins start out on it; and the next moment black Jem, the hero of fifty fights, slung over his shoulder, falls heavily to the ground.

At his fall a cheer rose from the dealers. "You blacksmith fellows had better make off," cried Broster; "your man has got the thrashing he deserves, and you can carry him home with you. I am resolved to put a stop to these disturbances—there have been too many of late." The furnace men hung for a moment irresolute, seemingly half inclined to renew the combat, but a formidable array of cattle-dealers pressed forward and turned the scale. They decided on a retreat. Black Jem, who had now come to himself, was lifted up, and, supported by two men, retired toward the works and dwellings on the upper grounds, accompanied by his companions,

who muttered many a surly oath and vow of future vengeance.

When we got back to the inn, John was very anxious about his face. He washed and carefully perused his features in the little looking-glass. Luckily, with the exception of the upper lip slightly cut by Jem's first blow, no mark of the combat presented itself; at this happy result of his investigations he expressed great satisfaction—Broster laughing the mean while, and telling him that he was as careful of his face as young lady. The captain came down to see us off. The fair was over now, and the streets were almost deserted. The dealers—apprehensive of another descent from the furnaces—had hurried off as soon as their transactions could in any way permit. Groups of villagers, however, were standing about the doors discussing the event of the day; and when Penruddock appeared he became, for a quarter of an hour, an object of public interest for the first time in his life, and so far as he has yet lived, for the last; an honor to which he did not seem to attach any particular value.

We shook hands with the captain; then, at a touch of the whip, the horse started at a gallant pace, scattering a brood of ducks in all directions; and in a few minutes, Keady—with its white-washed houses and dark row of furnaces, tipped with tongues of flame, pale and shrunken yet in the lustre of the afternoon, but which would rush out wild and lurid when the evening fell—lay a rapidly dwindling speck behind.

RETURN OF THE JEWS TO PALESTINE.—To the student of the Bible and church history there are few current subjects of more absorbing interest or of deeper significance than the events now almost daily transpiring which point to the re-possession by the Jews of their own land. The tide of progress, after a lapse of centuries, may be said to have fairly turned in that direction, and the prayer long offered by that chosen but now scattered people, that "Judah may be saved and Israel dwell securely, and that the Redeemer may come to Zion," is undoubtedly hastening to fulfilment. The Sultan of Turkey is encouraging Jewish emigration to Palestine, and is offering to sell them as much land as they choose to buy, and it is said has even expressed his willingness to dispose of the Mosque of Omar to them, which, it will be recollected, stands upon the very site of the Jewish Temple on Mount Moriah. This mosque is one of the Mahomedans' most celebrated shrines, being scarcely inferior in national importance to those of Mecca and Medina. Politicians and statesmen look upon these indications as a legitimate conse-

quence of the liberalizing influence of Mahomedan intercourse with Christians, and so they may be; but to the reader of the yet unfulfilled pages of Revelation they also point to what, as it respects the Jewish nation, "prophets and kings" have long waited for "but died without the sight." That the Mosque of Omar should be in a fair way of passing into the hands of the people to whose fathers the site on which it stands was once given in an everlasting covenant is what no reader of secular history, fifty years ago, could even have dreamed would ever come to pass. Some of the hills around Jerusalem have already become Jewish property, and it is by no means improbable that some of the present generation will see the entire city of Jerusalem again in the hands of its ancient owners. That mighty revolution will follow in the wake of such an event is probably as certain as that the Jews will return at all; at all events, affairs in that immediate region of the East must ere long become an engrossing theme among the nations of the earth.—*Philadelphia Press.*

HO! FOR THE NORTH POLE.

OPEN a chart of the North Polar Sea and consider the position of Spitzbergen, and you will understand why Barendtz, two hundred and sixty-four years since, made it a point of departure for his trans-polar attempt, and why subsequent navigators have followed in his track. A direct course from the Helder, the outport of Amsterdam, to Behring's Straits, and thence to Japan, China, and the spicy Ind, runs but a very little to the westward of Hakluyt's Headland (by the Dutch named Amsterdammer and also Mauritius Island) and the Vogel-Sang, the north-western extremities of Spitzbergen proper, behind whose protecting bulwarks the Dutch erected their arctic metropolises, their polar Batavia, Smeerenberg.

Every attempt to reach the pole on the part of the Dutch and English which has eventuated in any thing like a satisfactory solution of the problem, i.e., possibility of reaching that extreme point—[whether we concede the honor of the furthest penetration to the Dutch whale-fishing marine, to Gillis or any other Dutch ship-master, or to the Dutch navy—(for Barendtz is said to have been a captain in that service in which Heemskerck eventually died an admiral and Roggewein a vice-admiral)—or to the English navy,—whose most successful representative was Captain Parry],—has been made between the meridian of Greenwich and 20° east, quite a circumscribed space—comparatively speaking—as to width, beyond the arctic circle, but still the very ocean-road prepared by nature and designated by Barendtz and his compeers as the only one which justifies any vivid hope of its leading to the desired goal.

Having set forth the first argument in favor of selecting Spitzbergen as the base of operations for an attempt to reach the pole, lay aside the chart and take up a meteorological map of the world, on which the isothermal lines are designated. From it you will find that the limit of the so-styled ice-barrier in summer forms a deep curve northwards away from Spitzbergen, sweeping thence south-westwardly down along the coast of Greenland, so that it is conceded that no portion of the Arctic Ocean affords such unimpeded navigation towards the pole as the seas around Spitzbergen. Taking the average of years, experience has demonstrated that, except in very unpropitious seasons, the waters for 2° or 3° to the north of Spitzbergen are not rendered impracticable by ice.

Third argument in favor of Spitzbergen. Fold up the meteorological map, and open a third map showing the principal ocean currents; you at once perceive the reason why

the Spitzbergen seas are more free from ice, and why that archipelago enjoys a milder climate and presents greater varieties of animal life and of vegetation than Nova Zembla, situated from 3° to 10° further south, and on and after south, than the coasts of Lapland and of Siberia. It is owing to the Gulf Stream—that "river in the ocean" and source of heat and health—which, expanding, discharges its vitalizing currents upon the southern, western, and eastern shores of Spitzbergen, becoming, finally, a counter undercurrent, six or seven degrees warmer, at a depth of one hundred to two hundred fathoms, than the sea is at the surface.

According to Lord Dufferin, a gelid current splits up the warmer Gulf Stream to the south of Spitzbergen, but is unable to cut across it. The result is a frequent accumulation between the fish-tail shaped South Cape of Spitzbergen, whose general outline is very similar to that of a flounder, and Bear Island, in the angle of the bifurcation. The western fork of the Gulf Stream then forces itself up along the west coast of Spitzbergen, bearing with it innumerable logs of driftwood brought all the way from America, to mingle with shattered fragments of wrecks, and skeletons of marine animals, and even bears, upon that remote arctic beach. This encounter between the influences of the equatorial and polar currents accounts for the presence of enormous quantities of ice, which often envelope the whole southern coasts of Spitzbergen, while the northern are comparatively clear. Such was the very case in 1856, when a Norwegian captain reported that two hundred miles of ice lay off the southern and western coast of Spitzbergen, bending round in a continuous semi-circle towards Jan Mayen Island, and yet, notwithstanding, the frail schooner-yacht Foam, directed with skill and forced on with intrepidity, was enabled to anchor with safety almost under the shadow of the snow-crowned and moss-clad giant rock of Hakluyt's Headland. So much for courage, prudence, energy, and seamanship.

Meanwhile, the arctic current, pouring down from the pole, avoids that archipelago, and bears away to the south-west, carrying with it (see Letters from High Latitudes, page 307) icebergs, fields and floes, and broken—termed pack, stream, drift, and brash—ice. Laden with these dismal spoils it continues on between Old or Lost Greenland and Iceland; in winter wedging up with ice the narrow passage connecting the Greenland Sea of the Dutch and the Deucaledonian Sea of early maps—(stretching north and south-west of the Færoe islands); in summer rejecting and compressing im-

mense masses of ice upon the eastern coast of Greenland. This ice, formerly, perhaps, otherwise distributed, constitutes now, even in the warmest seasons, the impracticable barrier along that desolate shore (which, we are informed, was once not only susceptible of cultivation, but actually colonized), and occasions its present repulsiveness. In fact, the eastern limit of this arctic current is almost identical with the line of the ice-barrier in winter; the western limit with the line of the ice-barrier in summer.

This accounts in a great measure for the phenomena recorded in the journal of the seven Dutch sailors who wintered on Jan Mayen Islands—August, 1633, to April, 1634—who remarked that the ice set off the land, from time to time in mild and tranquil weather, and was brought back again by violent winds.

These important facts—the effects of the Gulf Stream and of the arctic currents—have been recognized by early as well as recent polar navigators, among them Barendtz whom Grotius esteemed as worthy of mention as Columbus and Vesputius—(“*nam minus dignus, quam Vesputius et Columbus*”) Scoresby—who showed himself equally capable as a seaman and as an author—and Parry; likewise by the Swedish Academy of Sciences, who projected a polar expedition which should have set out about the first of the present month. They expected it to reach its point of destination through and by means of the advantages presented by Spitzbergen. And why? Because (fourth argument), as before alluded to, it affords greater resources for sustaining human life than any other arctic land. Reindeer—fat and of a high flavor—abound upon it to such a degree that the northern peninsula of Spitzbergen is known as Reindeer-land, or as it was first named by the Dutch, Ren (dier) Veld, often written Rene-felde; that one of its inlets, a bight of King's Bay, was styled by the English Deer Sound, and that its southern extremity is laid down as Roebuck-land. Birds innumerable frequent and breed upon its shores, insomuch that the Dutch discoverers called one of its north-westernmost insular dependencies, Vogel Sang, from the discordant welcome of its multitudinous feathered inhabitants, and its westernmost point Vogel-Eck, while the English styled one of its largest sounds the Bay of Birds.

Foxes—how they exist during the eight months of winter is a matter of wonder—and bears—affording the warmest materials for clothing as well as food—are met with there in large numbers; the walrus and seal, also—which, despite man's truceless assaults through two centuries and a half, still resort

thither, furnishing great inducements to commercial enterprise and materials for light, heat, and food; while the circumjacent seas swarm with fishes, from the mighty whale to the nutritious herring. Nor is fuel wanting, for, in addition to the bituminous coal long known to exist there, Dr. Nordenskiöld, a learned French traveller, who has just returned from a visit to the arctic regions, announces that he discovered anthracite coal in Spitzbergen.

Scoresby mentions that the Spitzbergen coal—which in some places resembles the cheerful Cannel—is so easily procured that many of the Dutch fishermen were in the habit of laying in a stock for use on the passage homeward. In addition to all these gifts of Providence, this apparently desolate region abounds with medicinal herbs, remedies for diseases common to the country, as well as for the distempers most common to long voyages. Scurvy grass, that precious boon which serves as an antidote to the greatest bane of arctic hibernation, as well as different species of sorrel, were found by Captain Parry, growing vigorously under the snow. What is more, the whole of the western, northern, and north-eastern shores of Spitzbergen are thickly strewn with drift-wood. This fact is mentioned by all the navigators who have visited this group, some of whom speak of the astonishing quantity of wood cast upon its beaches, brought hither, no doubt, by the currents expending themselves upon and around it, one of which flows thither from Behring's Straits along the coasts of Northern Russia. Upon the shore of Lone Island, north-east of Spitzbergen proper, Dr. Irving, who sailed with Captain Phipps, saw trees seventy feet long, some of which had been torn up by the roots, while others had been cut down and notched for twelve-foot lengths. This timber was not in the least decayed, and the marks of the axe were still fresh. The very beach itself consisted of old timber, sand and whale-bones. On the other, the western side, Lord Dufferin observed a complete fringe of unhewn timber, mingled with broken oars, shattered spars, fragments of ship-planking and other sinister wails.

Thus we see that Spitzbergen not only abounds with means of sustaining life, but with sufficient stores of fuel suitable for steam vessels. Bear this in mind! And before dismissing the subject we may remark that it is supposed that this archipelago is rich in minerals, for the precious garnet, a beautiful marble, and a virgin silver have been discovered there; and it is also inferred that iron, copper, tin, lead, and even rock-salt are hid in its apparently unproductive bosom.

Fifth reason: Spitzbergen affords numerous safe harbors, even in winter. Among them the most advantageous are the Hollander's Bay of the Dutch and the Magdalena Bay of the English, protected not only against the fury of the sea and wind, but also against every danger from the ice.

Upon the shore of the first, the Dutch built their arctic metropolis, Smeerenberg, of which many vestiges still remain. When Marten was there in 1671, he saw several buildings, like a little village—four particularly well preserved, two warehouses and two dwellings—and on the opposite shore, at a place called the Cookery of Harlem, or Harlingen, several other houses, kettles or boilers, barrels, and all sorts of tools (like-wise a piece of ordnance—Herman Moll, 1723) left by different parties and the original settlers.

Where men in the sixteenth century built a town and wintered in safety, men in the nineteenth century, with all the improvements in science, can certainly manage to exist for a year or so, buoyed up with the hopes of working out the only great world-problem not yet solved.

Sixth reason: There is ample time and daylight to prosecute discoveries in this region. The day at Spitzbergen is three and a half months long, without an interval of solar obscurity. From the 3d of May until the 3d of August the sun does not set; the climate is very constant, and during the three summer months the weather generally is very calm and the atmosphere undisturbed. Penant states that the full summer day lasts from the 3d of May until the middle of August. In September the day is hardly distinguishable, and by the middle of October the long and dismal winter night commences. During the three summer months it is often intensely warm, so much so that the tar or pitch will melt and run from the ships' seams, and the sailors be compelled to work in their shirts.

Having laid before our readers the manifest advantages which Spitzbergen possesses—greater than those of any other arctic region—we will endeavor, in a few days, to show how they may be turned to account in prosecuting a successful attempt to reach the pole. The conclusion will not much further tax the patience of any one who takes an interest in the subject; but, as we believe, that in order to reach the pole it is necessary to winter over at the North, it became necessary to show that such a sojourn could be made, not only with entire safety to the vessels employed, but with perfect security and comparative comfort to their crews.

Nature affords the most reliable data for the guidance of mankind, if men would only

seek to understand and act in accordance with her teachings. Her opportunities, however, are often like sharp two-edged tools. If men seize them, at once adroitly and courageously, by the handle, they secure powerful and useful aids, but if by the blade, they either wound or destroy themselves. This is peculiarly the case in polar exploration. If the navigator takes advantage of the moment when the ice opens, as if to welcome his adventurous investigations, he effects an entrance, and the goal is before him. If, on the other hand, he acts with timidity or inefficiently he gets *nipped*.

To secure an entrance under ordinary circumstances it is almost indispensable to be at the North early in the season. In order to do so, the most important consideration is the selection of a secure winter-harbor in the remotest arctic land, which will afford any adequate resources for sustaining life. In our last article we endeavored to prove the superior advantages presented by Spitzbergen. This view is fully sustained by Lieutenant-Colonel Edward Sabine, R.A., F.R.S., in his translation of Wrangell's "Sibera and Polar Sea." According to the Russian navigator's unhesitating opinion, *an open polar sea* does exist, of which he had ocular proofs as well as circumstantial evidence. "From whatever point of the coast," Wrangell says "that he took his departure the result was invariably the same; after an ice journey (northwards), of more or less continuance, he arrived where further progress in sledges was impossible; where he beheld the wide, immeasurable ocean spread out before his gaze, a fearful and magnificent but, to him, a melancholy spectacle." "Our frequent experience," he remarks in his appendix, "that north and north-west winds, and north and north-east winds also, are damp to a degree which was sufficient to wet our clothes, is also a corroboration of the existence of an open sea at no great distance in those directions."

Since the first of these articles appeared the writer has been attacked several times for what was termed his reproduction of arguments already used. That is all very true. Many of these arguments have been used before, but they have never been *used up*. Their truth has never been disproved, and what the Dutch left undone, or actually accomplished centuries since, has never been completed or even done over again.

Those who presume to question the probability of the accounts of Dutch ship-masters of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and assign as a conclusive reason for their doubts the inefficiency of the nautical instruments of that day, for the accurate determination of latitude and longitude,

cannot dispute the correctness of Wrangell's narrative, inasmuch as he was a talented and experienced officer of the Russian navy, amply provided in every respect to carry out his plans and orders, and return authentic reports of what he had accomplished.

On the other hand, the world received with confidence, the account of Kane's open sea on the word of a mere un-scientific subordinate. It is vain, however to argue this question, for wilful unbelievers never were converted. Sufficient be it to propose a question, and when that is answered it is time enough for the adversaries of the Dutch arctic discovery to commence with their cavillings and doubts.

How is it that Nova Zembla has been known and visited for two hundred and ninety-five years—(Steven Burrough was in the Waigats Strait in 1565)—and yet no vessel except the *Vliebot* of Barendtz has ever been able to double its northernmost extremity and survey the eastern coast? The Russians and others however have verified his surveys in their annual visits to Nova Zembla for the purposes of hunting seals, bears, and walrus. If one Dutch shipmaster, in a small vessel,—smaller than the majority of our river craft,—achieved in 1596, a voyage which it has been impossible to repeat, or, at all events, has never been repeated, whose reality has been corroborated by overland and over-ice explorations, what just reason or well-founded right have the English or Anglicized-Americans to doubt the testimony of a score of Dutch shipmasters, highly honorable and trustworthy men, when corroborated in many particulars by the explorers of other nations.

But to resume; according to the writer's views and Wrangell's "it should be possible to reach and follow this open water, which the latter actually beheld again and again from Spitzbergen."

The haven, whose waters wash Amsterdam Island, the site of the Dutch arctic Batavia, Smeerenberg—whose selection is one of the best evidences of the acute judgment of the Dutch seamen of two and a-half centuries ago—or English Bay, both upon the extreme north-west coast of Spitzbergen, are the best winter harbors afforded by any arctic land.

A secure anchorage might be found even further to the north, in North Eastland; but a certainty is always preferable to an uncertainty, however promising in theory, and we know every thing requisite in regard to the havens above mentioned.

From Hakluyt's Headland, the most northern and western point of Amsterdam Island, and likewise the north-westernmost cape of the Spitzbergen Archipelago,—in latitude $79^{\circ} 47'$, and longitude $6^{\circ} 5'$ east,—north by

east to the North Pole, is less than seven hundred statute miles. Scarcely any ocean steamer afloat makes, on an average, less than seven miles an hour. At this speed it would only require four days to accomplish the passage, provided, as many believe, that the sea is sufficiently open for such navigation. From the pole, south by east to Behring Straits, the distance is one thousand six hundred and eighty miles, at the same rate of speed a trip of ten days, and thence to Jeddo, capital of Japan, about two thousand two hundred miles, thirteen days more.

According to our idea, the expedition should be safely housed upon the extreme shore of Spitzbergen before the winter night sets in, and consequently, it would not be safe to defer the departure of the vessels after the month of July from the United States, or after the month of August from the North Cape, Norway.

The majority of those who have studied this subject unite in making certain suggestions, with which the writer has incorporated his own views and additional facts.

First—That the attempt should be made, if possible, the season succeeding a winter unusually severe to the southward, in the temperate zone, and that every thing should be in readiness for a sudden start direct for the pole, as early as or even previous to the 1st of April.

Second—That at least two ships (three would be far more advisable) identical in size, appointments, and equipments, should be sent out in company, so that in case any thing should happen to one, its materials could be used without alteration, for the refitting of the other or even rebuilding of the other or the others.

Third—That the ships should be furnished, not only with ample and appropriate provisions for several years (five would be most advisable) but also with means of amusement, among others, particularly, a good organ which could play lively tunes to dance to, and that the vessels should be ballasted with coal.

Fourth—Preparations should be made to put in practice every expedient suggested for proceeding over the ice either (a) by sledges drawn by dogs, or by reindeer, or even by men; or (b) by boats, mounted on runners or on wheels, propelled, wholly or in part, by steam, or by Ericsson's air-engine, or by sails—i.e., as in ice-boats in use among the Dutch, and upon the Hudson River in winter, accomplishing a mile a minute over smooth ice. The most reliable conveyance—if it ever went into practical operation—would be an invention which is said to have succeeded upon the great north-western lakes; namely, a small steamboat,

on runners, which could not only propel itself with almost equal facility over the ice and through the water, but, by its inherent tractile power, draw itself up on to the ice by the application of its own machinery, in somewhat the same manner that a walrus clammers or hauls itself up on a reef or floe. Drawings of such a conveyance were published, with explanatory text, a year or two since, in one of the American illustrated papers.

The majority of those who are justified in speaking with authority reject the idea of employing dogs or reindeer as being unreliable; the latter utterly so. Dogs have failed, even when managed by the Russians, Cossacks, and Siberians, who should understand their management better than any other people. It would be next to impossible to carry forward provisions—in addition to the supplies required for the men—sufficient to enable the dogs to work to advantage, and it is well known that draft-dogs, if under fed or over worked, die like sheep affected by murrain. The idea of using reindeer has been peremptorily repudiated by those most capable of estimating their availability.

Another and a better reason for rejecting the services of animals and for being at the extreme north in the autumn and winter is, that the Russians—who have enjoyed the best opportunities of judging—affirm that the Polar Sea is an open sea in December, and, although specially so in that month, throughout the winter. Moreover, the experienced Dutch whale-captain Walig testified that he found the most open sea in September. Were these statements only partially correct, and should the navigation remain open only for ten days, steam vessels, lying ready in a Spitzbergen port, could slip out and upon the first appearance of a channel, circumnavigate the pole and return with ease in less than that space of time.

So many arguments have been presented in our previous articles for believing in the existence of an open polar sea that it is needless to recapitulate them here. One new fact, however, is important when taken in connection with Wrangell's assurances that every one of his ice-journeys to the north was arrested by "the wide, immeasurable ocean." Russians who have wintered over, year after year, upon north-east land—the north-easternmost of the three or four principal islands of the Spitzbergen Archipelago—stated in their written answer to Colonel Beaufoys' question, "what are the obstacles to crossing the ice, in winter, to the pole" that they considered such a transit impracticable; 1st, because some of the ice is continually drifting about, so that in many

places open water is discerned;" 2d, that "those who have been on the most elevated parts of Nordöster Island declare that as far as it is visible open water is only seen—but to what distance it may continue so it is impossible for them to ascertain, as an attempt for the discovery has never been made."

There is no necessity of going into the details of the vessel's outfit, that is, in regard to the quantity and quality of the provisions, etc. Sufficient stores, however, should be provided for at least five years. Scientific men have devoted so much time to this subject that it is useless to dwell upon it. The same remark applies to clothing, medicine, etc.

It is a conceded fact that two strong, handy, quick ships should be sent out together,—the writer believes that three would be far better,—propellers similar to McClin-tock's Fox, which could unhang their screws and hoist them in-board with speed and security, suitably strengthened and amply secured,—*fortified* is the technical term,—especially at the sterns, where the screw would be thrust out or hauled in, against the encounters with ice.

The number of the crew should not be greater than would suffice to furnish detachments to proceed on with the boats and yet leave enough on board to navigate the vessels. As far as possible, seamen and stokers should be selected, who, in addition to their experience in their peculiar duties, understood some of the mechanical arts or trades (particularly the different branches of smith-work and carpentering), whose employment might be rendered conducive to the general welfare in case of accident.

Captain Phipps had ninety-seven men with him in the *Race-Horse*. This seems too large a complement. Others recommend less than half; but the number after all would have to be proportionate to the size of each vessel sent.

One fact has been proved by experience: that a small vessel can be built far stronger, without impairing its buoyancy, than a larger one; so much so that it has been calculated that the capabilities of resistance possessed by a vessel of from one hundred to one hundred and fifty tons is twice as great as that of a vessel double that size, and above that size the ratio of superiority increases in a wonderful manner.

Propellers of great comparative power, of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred tons *actual* burden, would seem to be about the size generally recommended. Each should be supplied with a sufficient number of boats to carry the crews of at least two of the ships—in case of the wreck of the

larger vessels)—besides an extra number to provide against casualties.

The three consorts, together, should carry two smaller vessels in *quarters* on board, or the materials for constructing decked launches, or the ice water steamboat, referred to herein, capable of transporting the whole of the joint crews and sufficient provisions for two or three months. These, as well as materials for a couple of houses, might be substituted in a measure for the coal ballast, since bituminous coal can be readily obtained at Spitzbergen. The houses might be required at Spitzbergen as hospitals, etc., and would add to the comforts and health of the expedition.

It is very questionable if it is advisable to employ naval officers as supreme directors of the arctic exploring expedition, although the vessels should be subjected to the articles of war and the strictest military marine regulations, for it is almost certain that private enterprise has reached not only a higher arctic, but also a lower antarctic, latitude than any government expedition. Witness the achievements mentioned in the preceding papers as to whale-fishing, polar explorations, and the exploit of Weddell, who made his way as far to the south as any previously recorded national attempt, and perhaps, as far as any actual antarctic penetrations.

A tried and experienced whaling or sealing captain should be placed in command, or, if a naval commander is preferred, such a one should be sent as ice-master or pilot, with power to direct the course of the vessels, leaving the mere government of the crews with the military chief.

It scarcely seems possible that a single-boat expedition will be able to row to the pole, from the fact that it is impossible to construct a boat—such as a crew from ten

to twenty men can propel with oars—sufficiently capacious to transport the requisite provisions, etc. This fact occasions the greatest fear for the success of Mr. Hall or Dr. Hayes. Courage and science can accomplish wonders with but little means; but there is a bound to human achievements; a bound set by the very organization of humanity. To perish, however intrepidly, without conquering, is a mere prodigal waste of earth's most precious possessions. Why should the list of martyrs—which already embraces such heroic names as Barendtz, Hudson, Franklin and Kane—be swelled with those of other glorious victims to their zeal; when government could ensure their success, and preserve them for the enjoyment of the fruit of their labors and perils, by according for scientific purposes and the national glory, a portion of those enormous sums, which it annually wastes or casts without stint into the greedy and shameless bosoms of political parasites, government contractors, and the thousand other venal, unprincipled, disgraceful and disgracing human leeches, who throng the seats of the states and general government.

And now the writer lays aside his pen, not because the subject is exhausted, but because he fears to exhaust the patience of your readers. In the course of the preparation of these articles he has gathered together quite a valuable collection of works on arctic navigation, from which sufficient testimony has been gathered to convince him of the existence of an open polar sea. If in these articles a single new fact has been elicited or a new argument or idea suggested, the labor is amply repaid, and with a firm belief that enterprise will yet find a way to the pole, he bids a courteous adieu to his readers, with his best hopes that for American enterprise the palm will be reserved.

ANCHOR.

A VERY interesting incident in the life of the late eminent novelist, G. P. R. James, has been told us by one of his oldest and most intimate literary friends, and it tells so highly in favor of the late Mr. James' generous and honorable disposition, that it ought not to be reserved only for private relating. When Mr. James was a young man his cousin was about to marry the daughter of an eminent lawyer of the time, and the title deeds of this gentleman's entailed property were, at the request of the father of the young lady, submitted to his examination. The

keen lawyer discovered that the parents of the gentleman, although moving in the best society of London, had never been married. Mr. James was made acquainted with this awkward fact, and at the same time informed that he himself was the heir-at-law. The match was about to be broken off, and much distress occasioned on every side, when Mr. James, having quietly taken possession of the property, went at once to the unhappy young man, his relative, and conveyed to him the whole of the property, which amounted to a very handsome independence.

From The National Review.

EDMOND ABOUT.

Ouvrages de M. About. Paris: Hachette, 1860.

La Nouvelle Carte d'Europe. Paris: Dentu, 1860.

M. ABOUT is one of the cleverest of living Frenchmen. Perhaps, in his own way, he has no rival. No one in this generation has come so near the sprightliness, the worldly shrewdness, and the drollery of Voltaire. There are many passages in his tales which, without giving any painful sense of direct imitation, are almost to be ranked with *Candide* and *L'Ingénu*. Like Voltaire, M. About charms us not by direct sallies of witty writing so much as by happy turns of language and a certain well-bred impertinence of style. Like Voltaire, he has the art of treating impossible and fantastic incidents as if they were probable, and of carrying us along with a narrative that we laugh at ourselves for admitting as credible. He has the genius of dramatic construction, which enables Frenchmen alone of all people in the world to make any number of good acting plays out of the most miserable materials. Like Voltaire, too, he is fond of applying his sense and his wit to the questions of the day, and of treating political problems with that suggestive lightness which sometimes seems to open veins of rich and available thought, and sometimes invests the most serious affairs of life with an atmosphere of mockery. Unlike Voltaire, however, he never trades on the public appetite for polished licentiousness, and his books are unsoiled with any thing like coarseness. The day is also past in France when Scripture characters were considered to have principally existed that they might provide food for a neat *persiflage*. Of course, Frenchmen will be French, and M. About is not a devout Catholic; but his works contain little that need shock the legitimate susceptibility of a Protestant family. They are therefore well worth reading; for the language is excellent. They are very amusing, they are flavored with too strong a common sense to be merely funny, and they illustrate a considerable section of the thoughts and feelings of modern France.

M. About's books, which are now growing tolerably numerous, may be divided into three classes. There are his lighter novels, which are pure romances of society, and which are telling because they are so well constructed and so admirably written; there are his more serious stories, and the books in which he has described his views on pictures and on the scenes through which he has travelled; and lastly, there are the two studies of current political topics, which he has pub-

lished in the last year. We propose to say a few words on each of these classes of his works, to notice briefly their contents, and in some measure indicate what we think to be their value. But our object is to remind our readers what M. About has written, rather than to give any account of his works that could be thought to supersede a perusal of them. Where so much of the excellence of the composition depends on how the things are said, and not on what is said, the only way is to go to the books themselves. An abridgment of *Candide* would be a very dull and unsatisfactory substitute for the *Candide* of Voltaire.

The *Roi des Montagnes* is, we think, indisputably the best of M. About's lighter novels. It exhibits much more strikingly than any other his power of making the impossible probable, and of surprising us with the audacity and felicity of the language in which the fun and gayety of the story are clothed. Many of our readers will remember that this king of the mountains is a brigand-chief named Hadji-Stavros, who is supposed to haunt the neighborhood of Athens; that a young German and an English lady and her daughter fall into his clutches, whence the ladies are rescued by giving an order for their ransom on a banking-house in which the mamma is a partner, and where the brigand has fortunately an equal sum lodged; and that the German is rescued by an American, who first seizes on the brigand's daughter as a hostage, and then appears on the mountains with a revolver. The scenes that grow out of these incidents are in the highest degree comical. All is farce, and often the farce is sufficiently broad; but the language has a sustained counterfeit of gravity that gives the fun that quiet air which is necessary to make fun really enjoyable. The relations of Hadji-Stavros to the Greek government are the groundwork of this fun. This brigand-chief is not only a popular hero, but a recognized ally of the government, having control of many members of the legislative body, and a good understanding with half the officers of the army. The contrast between western notions of a government and the Greek government, as represented by M. About, is the main source of our mirth. The position of a robber infinitely respected and much liked, with a regular band of soldiers, a daughter at a boarding-school, and a good balance at his banker's, and occupying a stronghold close to the capital, seems ludicrously incredible, until the good-humored simplicity and cheerful truthfulness of the story gradually persuades us to accept Hadji-Stavros as the most natural and probable person in the world.

The young German, who tells the tale, hears of Hadji-Stavros before he sees him: and thus the opportunity is given for a sketch of the hero's career. The master of the house where the German lodges, in Athens, is prevailed on to narrate what he knows of the past life of the man whom he, in common with nine-tenths of the Athenians, sincerely reveres. No Greek, in fact, objects very much, says M. About, to a Greek robbing him: "Un Grec dépouillé par ses frères se dit avec une certaine résignation que son argent ne sort pas de famille." Of course, there is an attitude of protest preserved, but the protest is of the feeblest kind. The native moralists complain of robbers as a father complains of the follies of his son. He scolds aloud, but loves the boy all the better secretly, and would be very sorry his lad should resemble "le fils du voisin, qui n'a jamais fait parler de lui." There was, therefore, no reason, in public opinion, why the Athenian should not tell the story of Hadji-Stavros without unfriendly criticism. Hadji-Stavros, he said, was the son of a priest of the isle of Tino. He was born Heaven knows in what year: the Greeks of the good old time never knew their age, for registers "are an invention of the period of decadence." He made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and on his return was taken by a pirate and forced to turn sailor: "it was thus he began to make war on the vessels of the Turks, and generally on all those that had no cannons on board." At last, he determined to set up for himself, and the beginning of the Greek insurrection afforded him an opening. "He never exactly knew whether he was a brigand or an insurgent, nor whether he was in command of robbers or partisans. All money was good in his eyes, whether it came from friends or enemies, from simple theft or glorious pillage." At this epoch every thing Greek, and Hadji-Stavros among the rest, was looked at *en beau*. "Lord Byron dedicated an ode to him, and the poets and rhetoricians of Paris compared him to *Epaminondas, et même à ce pauvre Aristide*." But a great misfortune overtook him. Peace was made, and he heard dimly whispered such ominous words as a government, an army, and public security. He laughed heartily when informed that his property was comprised in a *sous-préfecture*, but he became serious when the tax-gatherer appeared. He kicked that functionary from his door, and retired to the mountains; and thinking the proper time was come, he determined to marry. He married "a rich heiress of one of the best families of Laconia," but his wife died after presenting him with a daughter. Thenceforth he only lived for this child; and in

order to give her a royal dowry, he "studied the question of money, learned to speculate, watched the rise and fall of the funds, and made his band of robbers into a joint-stock company." He travelled widely; and it was during a stay in England that the sight of an election for a rotten borough in Yorkshire "inspired him with profound reflections on the nature and advantages of constitutional government." He came back determined to work the institutions of his country to his profit. "He burned a fair quantity of villages to please the Opposition, and then destroyed as many in the interest of the Conservative party." At last his influence was so great that he had thirty deputies who were his passive tools. A celebrated minister considered it worth while to buy him once for all with a magnificent offer. They met in a most friendly way, and the minister offered him a full amnesty for him and his, a brevet of general of division, the title of senator, and ten thousand hectares of forest-land as a free gift. The brigand hesitated, but at last refused. "It is too late," he said, "for me, at my age, to change my way of living. I should go to sleep in the Senate, and should be apt, from mere force of habit, to shoot my soldiers if I saw them in the uniform I have so often attacked."

The character of Hadji-Stavros is well kept up throughout the book, and he has a wild and savage nobleness, and assumes a comic air of superiority to every thing else in Greece, which warms our sympathies as we go on. He reaches his climax in a passage in which he sketches an ideal of brigandage, which old age alone prevents him from realizing. "I would give much," he says, "to be young once more, and to be only fifty years old. I dream of a new organization of brigandage, without disorder, turbulence, or noise; but I have no one to second me. I should like to have an exact census of all the inhabitants of the kingdom, with an approximative estimate of all their property, movable and immovable. A recognized agent at each port would inform me of the intended route, and, so far as possible, of the fortune, of every traveller who landed; and thus I should know what each person ought to give me, and I should not be liable to ask too much or too little. I would establish on each road a staff of neat *employés*, well educated and well clothed; for, after all, what is the good of disgusting one clients by a repulsive aspect and a ruffianly air? I have seen thieves in France and England dressed with the most consummate elegance, and they did their business just as well." This seems to us to go beyond the ordinary region of French wit, and to rise to the level of the humor of *Gil Blas*. The chief then develops

further his great idea: "I should exact from all my subordinates the greatest refinement of manners, especially from those employed in the department of arrests. For prisoners of distinction I would have comfortable and airy dwellings, with gardens attached. And do not suppose this would fall heavily on their purses. Quite the contrary. If every traveller who landed in the kingdom necessarily fell into my hands, I could afford to tax each individual at an insignificant figure. Let every native and every traveller merely give me one-quarter per cent on the sum total of his fortune, and I should gain by the arrangement." But two objections may be urged; and the reply to these objections is the cream of the whole speech. It may be said that this imposition would be very unjust, and that it would be illegal. Hadji-Stavros disposes of both these grounds of complaint. "Brigandage, under my system, would only be a tax on the circulation; it would be a just tax, for it would be proportioned; and it would be a normal tax, for it has been levied ever since the heroic ages. Nay, if necessary, we might simplify the thing by arranging a yearly subscription: for such a sum down natives should get a safe conduct, and strangers a *visa* on their passports. Then you say that, according to the terms of the constitution, such a tax could not be imposed without the vote of the two chambers. Ah, my dear sir, if I only had the time, I would buy the whole Senate, and would have every deputy returned to please me. The law would pass at once; and, if desirable, it would be easy to create a minister of highways." A specimen in English of a French book is not worth much, but there are little bits in this description which are striking even when translated. The calmness and virtue, the equity and impartiality, of the hoary old sinner are delightful, with his talk about his clients, his refined *employés*, and his proportional taxes. Fielding has given us something of the same sort in *Jonathan Wild*, and his satire is bitterer and fiercer; but there is a neatness and plausibility in M. About's brigand which amuses and pleases us more.

The most ludicrous scene in *Le Roi des Montagnes* is one, perhaps, in which the *gendarmes* of Athens are sent in pursuit of the brigands. The English lady is triumphant, and thinks that the hour of her release is come, and that the odious necessity of paying a ransom will be avoided. She is soon undeceived. Pericles, the captain of the soldiers, is not only on excellent terms with Hadji-Stavros, but is a shareholder in the great robber joint-stock company. The friends meet each other with the warmest greeting, and talk at once with great candor

over the affair in hand. They only dispute as to which is to have the best in the great imaginary battle, of which Pericles is to send a flaming report to the government. Pericles claims that he should be stated to have the best of it, as he wishes to have a decoration given him. The brigand says that this is rather too much, as it was he who had just made Pericles a captain. "But," replies Pericles, "it is for your interest that you should be said to be defeated, for then confidence will be restored, and travellers will again begin to go over the country." "Yes," answers Hadji-Stavros; "but if I am said to be defeated, the funds will rise, and I am speculating for a fall." When this is settled, the brigand asks for ten men out of the *gendarmes* as recruits to his band. This is considered a great promotion for them, and Pericles interests himself for a favorite. "He has no chance of rising in the regular way," says Pericles; "but if you let him distinguish himself in your troop, the government will offer to bribe him back, and so he will get his step in six months." When it is known that Hadji-Stavros will accept ten recruits, the anxiety to be among those selected gives rise to much unpleasant feeling. More particularly, we are told that "two or three graybeards said openly, that the promotion was made too much by pure favor, and that there was a shameful disregard of the claims of seniority." This demand of the veterans to have the length of their service in the regular force taken into consideration when recruiting is going on for the brigand troop is an admirable touch of humor. Pericles tells Hadji-Stavros that the guard in charge of treasure is to pass at a particular time through a particular defile; and the brigand hastens to intercept it, leaving the *gendarmes* to take care of the English ladies and their German companion. Before leaving, he charges Pericles to take every precaution against the escape of prisoners whose ransom was likely to be so considerable. "You need not fear," replies Pericles, "I am a shareholder." Hadji-Stavros had just encouraged him by announcing that the year's dividend per share would be eighty-two per cent. The expedition against the guard of the treasure turns out unfortunately, and three of the recruits are killed. When the king of the mountains returns with this bad news, Pericles is seriously alarmed. That three of his soldiers should be found attacking a royal convoy seems, even to him, rather strong. But the consequences he apprehends are of a peculiar kind. What he fears is, that he shall not be invited to the next court ball. "See," says Hadji-Stavros, in confidence to the German, "this is a Greek of to-day; I am a

Greek of yesterday; and the newspapers say we are in a state of progress."

By the side of the description of the king of the mountains occurs the more purely farcical description of the English ladies, Mrs. Barley and Mary Ann. They are very like the usual English people of French comedy, the *Anglais pour rire*, who give some delight to Frenchmen, and such unbounded amusement to Englishmen, in the minor theatres of Paris. The mamma confines her observations to repeating that she and her daughter are Englishwomen, and that they are not to be so treated; that she will write to Lord Palmerston and the *Times*, and have the Mediterranean fleet despatched to Athens at once, unless she has every thing her own way. She writes a letter to her brother about the money to be paid for her ransom, and ends by saying, "It is monstrous that two Englishwomen, citizens of the greatest empire of the world, should be reduced to eat their roast meat without mustard and pickles, and to drink plain water like the commonest kind of fish." This purely farcical element in M. About's books does not make them less amusing, but it brings them to a lower level. We see that, in order to produce an effect, he is satisfied to deal out a very hackneyed and exaggerated kind of wit to his minor characters. These jokes in a French novel are about as witty as if a Frenchman in an English novel were always asking for frogs. We cannot help laughing at Mrs. Barley; but the difference between the wit involved in portraying an English lady always boasting of her country, and always demanding mustard and pickles, and the wit that shines through the elaborate creation of Hadji-Stavros is immense, and makes us feel that M. About, if he often works with very fine tools, also often works with very coarse ones.

Of the other comic novels of M. About, the best and most amusing is, we think, *Trente et Quarante*. There is less brilliancy in the writing than in the *Roi des Montagnes*, and there is none of the local coloring and truthfulness of description in the midst of exaggeration; but there is almost, if not quite, as much skilfulness in handling the improbable, and in keeping the reader in an imaginary world so like the real as to produce the illusion that, after all, the story is not so unnatural. In *Trente et Quarante* there is a Captain Bitterlin, a remnant of the *grande armée*, a thoroughly pig-headed, parvenu, vain, prejudiced old soldier. Like most old soldiers in romance, the captain has an only daughter, lovely, romantic, and named Emma. An Italian refugee sees her and falls in love with her at first sight, and she returns his passion. But as her father

considers all women deserve distrust, and require to be kept in the closest imprisonment, it is hard for the lovers to meet. The young lady's health fails, as the health of most young ladies would fail who were locked up for a fortnight at a time, with a lover outside the door and a suspicious father inside. The old officer determines to take his daughter on a little tour, and they set off for Switzerland. The lover manages to ascertain the time of starting, and takes a place in the same carriage. They journey on, and he goes with them. The captain has no suspicion that this young Italian is his daughter's lover; but he gets dreadfully bored with the ardent affection the stranger shows for him, and the determination with which he sticks to the same route. They at last approach Baden, and the young Italian announces his intention of going there. The captain breaks out into a violent anathema against gambling in the presence of a large party. They laugh at him, and tell him that if he went to Baden, he would gamble too. He indignantly denies this, and offers to go to Baden, to show the strength of his powers of resistance. The Italian goes first, and has two or three nights of varied fortune. He is sitting at the table playing *trente et quarante*, with twenty francs before him, which was all he had left, when suddenly he sees M. Bitterlin. In terror lest the father of Emma should set him down as a gambler, he gets up from his seat, and leaves his francs behind him. M. Bitterlin sees them, and thinks that, at least, he ought to return them to the young stranger, bore and gambler as he is. But just as he is about to take them up, he finds twenty more francs added to them. The Italian had left them staked on the black, and the black has won. Not understanding what has happened, M. Bitterlin leaves the forty francs where they are, and again black wins. A strange run of luck soon makes these francs mount to so large a pile that they exceed what is allowed to be staked. M. Bitterlin is requested to take from the heap six thousand francs, which is the maximum stake. He complies, and half dazzled by the marvel of such a sudden influx of wealth, and half interested in the game, he stakes on and on until he breaks the bank, and rises with a hundred and twenty thousand francs in his pocket. The lover hears what has happened, and rushes off by the next train to Paris. The old captain is in agony until he can restore this large sum to the rightful owner, and hurries after him. After a long search, he finds the Italian, who flatly refuses to take the money. A strong altercation ensues, and at last the Italian says that he can see only one way in which the affair

can be arranged, and that is, that he should marry Emma, and thus there would be no question as to the ownership of the money; but he entirely declines to accept her. The captain is furious, and asks him what he means by refusing his daughter. The Italian declines any explanation, and a duel is arranged. On the ground, one of the seconds of the Italian steps forward and says, that if no terms can be agreed on, the duel must proceed; but that the honor of Mdle. Bitterlin is compromised, and that, as the Italian's death would not clear her, it would be much better he should behave as a man of honor and agree to marry her, instead of fighting her father. After much pretended hesitation, he agrees; and then all the seconds declare that the captain is bound by the arrangement, and that he must give his daughter to the Italian. He assents at last, under the hope that the worst punishment he can inflict on his adversary is to make him marry against his will, and because he is attracted by the pleasure of forcing a husband on his daughter against her will. Thus the young people get their own way, and *trente et quarante* lands them in a happy marriage.

A story of this kind bears exactly the same relation to real life as the old comedy of the days of Charles II. The incidents are so droll, and the characters all seem so sure of themselves, and so convinced that they can do what they represent themselves as doing, that we allow them to have their fling, and keep our doubts as to their possibility and respectability to ourselves. We no more think of criticising the principles and conduct of this young Italian than of being severe on the Mirabels and Wildloves of the Restoration drama. In real life this Italian would have played a very scurvy trick on a man who meant to act honorably by him, and have started on his married life with the pleasant knowledge that he had won his wife by getting several strangers to declare her honor compromised; but the whole thing is too absurd and extravagant to let such criticism appear any thing but inapplicable prudery. The machinery by which this air of false and exceptional probability is created is exactly the same in the old comedy and in M. About's story. The secret of it all is to give very minute details of each scene that is presented, and boldly to leap over all the links that ought to connect one scene with another. While we attend to the proceedings of Captain Bitterlin at any one point of his career, he seems to be doing only what is natural, as every thing is described so easily and consecutively that there appears hardly any thing else for him to do but what he does; and we are so much

amused with him, that we do not care to wait and ask ourselves how he moves from one point to another. There is nothing instructive or elevating in such reading, but we are kept in a state of great merriment throughout the volume; and as novels are written to amuse, they must be held to succeed when they amuse, provided that the character of the amusement is not positively wrong. It deserves to be noticed in M. About's favor that here the comparison of his story with the old dramatists is to his advantage; for the reckless intrigues of the Restoration heroes are much more condemnable than the artifice of a lover to decoy a selfish and prejudiced father into giving his daughter to a man whom she loves. There is also much less connection between the imaginary scene and the conduct in real life of those who study it. A spectator of Farquhar may be induced to imitate Mirabel in a very matter-of-fact way, but no reader of M. About's book would think of getting an intended father-in-law to break the bank at Baden.

Germaine is, we think, the least pleasing of all M. About's stories. It has the great fault of containing elements too tragic for the style in which it is written, and it probes the plague-spots of society too deeply. The story turns on the disappointment undergone by a certain Madame Chermidy in her efforts to legitimate her son, who is the offspring of an intrigue with a Neapolitan count. She hits on the amazing artifice of getting her lover to marry a girl in the last stage of consumption, and of having it declared in the act of marriage that the boy is the child of this young lady. Germaine, who is the victim, consents on condition of a large sum being paid to her parents to relieve them from the miserable poverty into which the folly of the duke, her father, brought them. The count marries Germaine and takes her to Corfu, where the warm climate does her so much good, that Madame Chermidy fears that her plot will be turned against her, and that she will have only succeeded in giving herself a rival in the count's affections. To make matters safe, she sends a *forçat* to hasten Germaine's end by poison. But he gives Germaine minute doses of arsenic, and this is the very best remedy she could have; so that the more she is poisoned the better she is. Irritated by this new failure, Madame Chermidy comes herself to Corfu; and there, quarrelling with her *forçat*, she is assassinated by him. This is much too painful a subject for a light story, and comic writing is out of place when it is employed to lighten the horrors of poisoning, poniarding, and adultery. The difficulty of getting a plot which shall be interesting and exciting, and yet not too serious and horrible for

a pleasant, gossiping treatment, is very considerable when the story is to be carried to any length. When the story is short, it is sufficient to take one little foible or one curious coincidence as the theme. The volume called *Mariages de Paris*, in which M. About has collected a series of *feuilletons* originally published in the *Moniteur*, is accordingly much better reading than *Germaine*. One of these stories, *La Mère de la Marquise*, may serve as an example. A *bourgeoise* is intensely anxious to get a footing in the Faubourg St. Germain, and looks out for a noble husband for her daughter as the readiest means of effecting her purpose. A live marquis comes in her way, and she books him. She takes him down to her country place, and the marriage is celebrated; but on the wedding-night she learns that he hates Paris, and intends to live in the country. Determined not to be frustrated, she decoys the bride into a carriage, and elopes with her to Paris. The story then turns on the arts and the resolution with which she keeps the wife from the husband, and of the determination of the marquis not to yield. He wins in the long-run; for one day the mamma makes too long a call, and when she gets back she finds that her son-in-law has run off with her daughter. This is a very slight framework for a story; but the tale has the great merit of resting on a foible and not a crime, and so, as it is well told, it is a very agreeable provision for an idle half-hour.

Comic novelists, we may remark in passing, naturally select exaggerated and special types among their countrymen as the best material for fun, and thus often give the impression that the faults and failings which they and their countrymen most laugh at in others prevail widely among themselves. If there are two failings which are more widely attributed to the English than all others, they are want of courtesy and tuft-hunting. We Englishmen are always ready to confess our faults from a sublime feeling that no confession of faults can reduce us to the level of the rest of the world; and we may therefore say openly that we think the accusation is true, and that John Bull on his travels does sometimes treat the natives like the vermin he considers them, and that he dearly loves a lord. But in no English novel, nor in any representation of English people, have we ever met with the description of a traveller so brutal, so insolent, and so domineering, as Captain Bitterlin, or any lover of rank so frantically anxious to be noticed by aristocrats as the mother of the marchioness. Either they do these things more thoroughly in France, or M. About must have been drawing on his imagination,

to the great disadvantage and discredit of his countrymen and countrywomen. We suspect that he is only painting what he has often seen in real life, and that Captain Bitterlin and the mother of the marchioness have very many counterparts within a mile of the Louvre. It does not therefore follow that we ought to consider the French discourteous and slavishly fond of rank; it only follows that the types set up by comic novelists should not be too widely generalized, and that we should be prepared to regard them as exceptions until we know them to be susceptible of a larger application.

M. About, however, has written in a very different style. *Tolla* is as quiet and unaffected as it is sad. It was one of the earliest of M. About's writings, and is certainly one of his best. The story is based on a small volume which circulated chiefly, we believe, if not entirely, in private hands in Italy. The materials thus provided him forced him to be grave; and he had the taste not to spoil good tragedy with bad comedy. The ease and brevity with which the story is told contribute greatly to the effect it produces. But its chief charm is, that it gives us two pictures, both new, and both, so far as they go, complete. It represents the course of a love where the lover is very unworthy of his mistress, and it represents the daily life of the aristocracy of Rome. Unworthy lovers have, it is true, been painted before; but the particular shade of unworthy lover that appears in *Tolla* is new, and Roman life was wholly unbroken ground in fiction.

Tolla is the daughter of a poor count, and Lello is the cadet of a rich, princely house. They love, and nothing stands in their way except the ambition of Lello's relations and his own weakness. He is really in love, and has a general wish to act honorably by Tolla; but he has all the small caution, the narrow egotism, and the calculating timidity of a thorough fool. Tolla, on the other hand, loves heartily, freely, and thoroughly, will hear no word of blame against Lello, and insists on thinking him perfection. It is this contrast between the nobleness of the girl and the meanness of the man, coupled with the sad fate which sacrifices the noble and preserves the mean, that gives its chief interest to the story; and even if M. About did not invent the contrasted characters, the details of the delineation are all his, and it is by a number of little touches that the general impression is conveyed. At first Lello will not acknowledge his love. He thinks it a masterpiece of cleverness not to commit himself or her. He sees the obstacles he must have to encounter, and for her sake as well as his own he resolves to

love her at a distance. "He considered he had won the greatest victory over himself when he had addressed Tolla in the most passionate language without ever telling her that he loved her. He made it a sort of religious duty with himself to withhold this avowal, although he lavished the equivalent on her every moment. When he got back home, he said to himself, 'I have saved two souls.' Really he had only saved himself the trouble of uttering three words." Even those three words are uttered at last, but only after the greatest irresolution on the part of Lello. He consents to give a formal promise to marry her, provided the engagement is kept secret from his family. Tolla persuades her parents to consent to this, and they are engaged. The approach of the cholera renders it necessary that the count's family should leave Rome, and Lello thus spends only one evening with his *fiancée*. The happiness of Tolla culminates in this evening, a balmy, lovely evening in an Italian summer. As we read the story, we scarcely stop to notice the art with which this evening scene is let into the framework of the story. For a few hours Tolla is happy, and Lello is not very unworthy of her. The count and countess are at hand rejoicing in the happiness of their daughter, while she and her lover wander among the shrubs, inhaling the sweet scents and the cool air, and talking over the plans of their future life. Even, however, in this hour of romance the difference between the romantic and the unromantic heart is permitted to appear; and we are reminded that Lello and Tolla are essentially unlike, when we find Tolla drawing a picture of herself and her husband living in a country home and showering blessings on the peasants around them, and Lello interrupting her to boast that they will eclipse all their friends and acquaintance at balls and suppers.

The lovers separate, and writing is substituted for talking. Tolla covers sheet after sheet with the outpourings of her love; but Lello is unaccustomed to composition, and finds letter-writing a great bore. He has, however, one subject of real interest: the state of his own health and the ravages of the cholera supply a theme on which he can write with some ease to the lady of his love. It is characteristic both of the man and of the country to which he belongs, that he sends Tolla the most minute directions as to what she is to do in case she is troubled with any choleraic symptoms. A hurried meeting at length brings the lovers face to face, and, then, for the first time, Tolla thinks him less than perfect. In fact, he is so guarded and so stupid, that he cannot manage to talk to her about any thing but the silliest town

gossip; on which she very naturally remarks, that if that was all he had to say, it was hardly worth while to risk so much to see her. "When will you dare to love me openly?" she exclaims. "You do not love me!" and she turns suddenly and rides away. But absence restores the charm to her; and she has no sooner parted than she thinks she has been unjust to Lello, and writes him a pretty letter, full of warm-hearted tenderness, and humbly begging his pardon. "Thou hast thy manner of loving, and I have mine," she writes. "Let us not ask which is the best; only let us love." Lello replies that he loves her devotedly, but that he loves her as he ought to love her, and keeps his love at the bottom of his heart invisible from the world. He had a thousand things to say to her; but there were witnesses at the interview, and he was tongue-tied. Particularly there was a passage in one of her former letters which she had underlined, and he could not quite make out why she had done so. This he would certainly have asked her to explain, only that, just as he was about to begin, he felt somebody was looking at him. After a few more assurances of affection, he ends his letter by telling her that his stomach is a little out of order, and that he could wish he was fatter; but that otherwise he is very well. At first, the character of Lello seems unnatural and contemptible; but gradually, as M. About works up a series of little touches, to make us understand the puerility, the emptiness, and the confiding folly which is produced in the higher classes by such a government as that of Rome, we come to think that Lello was probably like a good many of his neighbors.

It is not perhaps so unfair as it might seem, to make Tolla so superior to Lello, although both are exposed to the same influence of ecclesiastical society. Even though the atmosphere may be unwholesome, the domestic piety enforced by the childish surveillance of the priest sits naturally on a woman; whereas a man, treated as a baby, and not allowed to think or act, gets debased and imbecile in the midst of the most religious world. The difference between the betrothed is carried out in their religion. Tolla is anxious that Lello should be more piously disposed, and she engages him to pray. Lello, with the sickly sentimentalism that is the certain accompaniment of emasculated virtue, immediately goes beyond her, and demands that they shall have the same confessor. "We shall then have all in common,—even our sins," he says. But evil rumors are spread that he is secretly married to Tolla, and he becomes very much alarmed. He falls more than ever under the guidance

of his family, and at length consents to accompany his brother on a visit to England. When Tolla's family hear this, they are justly indignant. Lello is summoned to a solemn family session, where the pictures of all the Feraldi are uncovered; and the count, after a speech of grave reproach, gives back Lello his troth. Lello indignantly refuses; he cannot for a moment think of losing Tolla. We are constantly reminded that Lello really loves Tolla with all the strength of his feeble mind, and in the depths of his shallow heart. M. About has not set himself to draw the common and easy portrait of a flirting deceiver, but the much more subtle traits of a character naturally affectionate and honest, but debilitated by the oppressive pettiness of the system under which he is living. He hears the count to the end of a second speech, in which he is told that he must either give up Tolla at once, or make a promise so deliberate, so solemn, and so sacred, that there can be no receding from it. The mode in which the conflict of his mind is decided is one of those touches which makes us feel that M. About is a writer of real power. Lello is stupefied at first, and the very solemnity of the occasion makes him more timid and childish than ever. He begins to count mechanically the flowers of the carpet, without daring to raise his eyes. At last he raises them so as to catch the sight, not of Tolla's face, but of her hands. The poor, thin, white hands set him thinking of all the past happiness he had enjoyed. They had so often pressed his lovingly; the fingers had been so often raised in mirthful rebuke, or pretended anger. They had been placed on his lips to make him keep quiet. The hand still bore the ring which he placed there in one of the sweetest hours of his life. The sight of these dear hands, rendered almost transparent by anxiety and sorrow, decided him; and he said with a firm and resolved voice, "I swear."

Unfortunately, however, after he had received from Tolla the sacred kiss of his second betrothal, and had returned home, he found tailors and lacemakers awaiting him to measure him for a court-suit. As he did not like to enter with such people on the reason that had now decided him not to leave Rome, he allowed them to go on with their business, and take his measure. He soon got interested in a matter so important; and the cut, length, and decoration of his court-coat soon occupied the whole of a mind that had just been full of the thought of Tolla. Of course, he finds that he cannot give up his journey, and announces to Tolla that he must go to England. The poor girl has no other resource except to make him re-

new his useless oaths, and shave off his moustache, which, she thinks, would do something towards removing the temptation to make love to him, which she is sure all the women who see him must feel. He desires that she shall enter a convent until his return, and she consents. He sets off; and the tidings that reach her in her prison become more and more gloomy, as Lello gets more and more mixed up with the dissipations of foreign capitals. At last he sends her a letter, saying that all hopes of their marriage must be at an end, unless her father can persuade Lello's relatives to consent. The count is furious at this, and goes to consult an uncle of his, who is a cardinal, as to what he ought to do. What follows is one of the most curious parts of the story, and, to persons entirely unfamiliar with Rome, seems almost incredible. The cardinal gives it as his opinion, that since Lello had used an oath in pledging his fidelity to Tolla, and had called God to witness, the matter belonged properly to the jurisdiction of the ecclesiastical police, and the proper thing to do was to appeal to the cardinal-vicar. The petition of the count to the cardinal-vicar is set out in full, and it has the oddest effect to see all the incidents of the novel recapitulated in official language. English readers, who are not affected by the oratory of petitions, will naturally wonder what on earth the cardinal-vicar can be asked to do, and what practical result the petition can be meant to have. We find that the object is to get the cardinal-vicar to explain to the head of Lello's family that, under the circumstances, it is a Christian duty to sanction the marriage. The petition is successful. The cardinal-vicar thinks that it is decidedly a case for his interference. He sends for Lello's uncle; but, alas, Christian duty is a game at which two sides can play. The uncle assents to all his most reverend eminence says, but reveals to him that Lello's father on his death-bed had forbidden the marriage. It was a Christian duty to make Manuel respect his oath, and it was a Christian duty to respect the wishes of the dead; and in this conflict of Christian duties it was impossible to take such a decided step as arranging the marriage. The cardinal-vicar is perfectly overwhelmed with the nicety of the moral problem submitted to him, and writes to Count Feraldi to say that he can do nothing. This is poor Tolla's death-blow, and she fades away like a lily. After her death, all Rome agrees that she is a heroine and a saint, and every one is full of her wrongs. Lello is struck with a kind of milk-and-water remorse, and remains unmarried for the sake of the departed one.

Tolla is a very remarkable story, and is rich in delineation of character, which, quite

apart from the materials on which the story is based, would strike us as excellent. But its peculiar charm lies in its portraiture of Roman society and Roman family life, and this must have been the fruit of long and keen observation. M. About has worked very hard before he has produced his best novels; and it so happens, that he has written two books which show how closely he observed, how many facts he collected, and how many persons of all ranks he talked to, before he tried to give the cream of his experience in fiction. *La Grèce contemporaine* gives the serious side of *Le Roi des Montagnes*, and *La Question Romaine* gives the political application of *Tolla*. We are glad to have these more elaborate productions from M. About's pen, not only for their own sake, but because they show that good stories do not come by chance, and that what seem slight touches are really due to a lively appreciation, whether consciously attained or not, of a great variety of facts. *La Grèce contemporaine* is a pleasant book, full of pleasant information, and is as interesting as any book about so uninteresting a country as modern Greece can be. M. About has also published a volume of art-criticism, which is elaborate and sensible, and shows that he has studied the works of many different schools with a wish to form an independent judgment, and a desire to understand by patient examination the relative merits of great painters. Generally, the comic novelist is not much given to study. In this country the most he ordinarily does is to look into some odd volumes at the British Museum, and to work up his discoveries into what is called a Tale of Manners. But M. About distinguishes himself from the tribe, not only because his comedy is light, refined, and sparkling, but also because he goes through a considerable amount of serious work, and does what he does thoroughly. In one instance, indeed, he appears to us to have victimized his readers to his own appetite for useful information. In a novel called *Maitre Pierre* he gives an account of the improvements which are being gradually introduced into the cultivation of the barren *landes* of France. It is very proper, of course, that an intelligent Frenchman should interest himself in a subject so important to his country; but the statistics of the proposed improvements are very dry work. They are even made more dry by the introduction of a sort of faint story, and by the constant intervention of *Maitre Pierre*, one of those marvellously sagacious and self-denying peasants whom George Sand loves to draw. For once, we must own, M. About has taken up a subject, and failed to make it attractive. To that large portion of the

English public that does not much care to know how the waste-lands of France are reclaimed, the value of *Maitre Pierre* is principally to show that the author is a painstaking man, and that therefore the facts which he brings into more entertaining books may be relied on with tolerable confidence.

M. About must have been amply rewarded for all the labor he had ever undergone when the time came for him to write and publish *La Question Romaine*. It is seldom that an author has a subject exactly to suit, almost entirely new, and capable of being treated so as to gratify all his tastes and display all his powers; it is equally seldom that such a book is the book that every one wants and is looking for, and that it immediately exercises a direct and conspicuous political influence. M. About's volume was a real triumph. It gave the world unanswerable reasons for the denunciation of the temporal power of the pope; it gave these reasons in a way that forced the most lazy to read, and the most stupid to laugh; it gave the author an opportunity of settling a score with the priests, which must have gone to the heart of a Voltairian; and it bore rich fruit at once, and acted on the public opinion of Europe so strongly as to make the violent restoration of the Romagna to the pope simply impossible. It was a success such as Voltaire used to win in the height of his reputation, and it was a success won very much in the manner in which Voltaire would have won it.

Substantially, M. About's work is after the manner of Voltaire; but a century has altered the fashion of writing, and the taste of the present age demands that controversial essays should present features that were not thought of when Voltaire wrote. In order to smash the position of his adversary, we now ask that a writer should tell us what he considers to be the facts of the case. We want to see that he knows what he is talking about. We like epigrams, but cannot consent to be entirely governed by them. The epigrammatist must first make out a case which would be tolerably satisfactory in the hands of a dry statistician; he must not deal wholly in philosophical generalities, or merely introduce a few casual statements that have the air of being invented. This necessity for building wit on exact observation just suits M. About. It is the turn of his mind to be inventive in language, but not in thought. He must have a good basis for fiction and smart writing supplied to him from some extraneous source, and then he is at home. He is not a man of deep thought or fertile imagination; but he knows that facts are not to be got at without trouble, and that they are not convincing unless stated

in considerable detail. He works hard, and states fully. This habit of mind, which led him to write the conscientious but wearisome tale of *Maitre Pierre*, stood him in excellent stead when he had to deal with a question of current politics. He does not let off the papal government with a few ineffective generalities. He gives facts, very minute, very systematic, and very convincing. He goes thoroughly into the real, every-day, prosaic results of priestly government. He examines the amount, in hectares, of land that is wasted by being held in mortmain. He calculates exactly how much the papal revenue costs to collect. He gives an elaborate table to show the fortunes of the Roman nobles. When he has to tell us that there are some clever and eminent laymen even in Rome, he gives us the names of the leading sculptors, printers, and engravers. It is this detail that carries us with him. It makes us feel, not only that we laugh at his bidding, but that he has a right to bid us laugh. He has personally travelled over almost every part of the Roman territory. He can give us a local reference for every assertion, and he has seen the greater part of what he describes. His book, therefore, ended the question whether the papal government was a decent and a tolerable government, and left only the question unsettled whether, however bad, it must be endured.

There is also another difference between Voltaire and M. About. It was the task of M. About to show up the priests, to make them ridiculous, and to put them out of the pale of serious discussion. This would have been an office that Voltaire would have had as keen a pleasure in fulfilling as any one who ever breathed. But he would have gone to work in a manner that is considered quite inadmissible at the present day: he would have scoffed at the religion of the priests even more than at their frolics, and would have merged his attack on the papal government in a general denunciation of Christianity. The times have changed, and M. About admirably represents the change. There is not a word in his book that can be construed into an attack on Christianity. He does not indulge in fierce sarcasms against priests and every thing priestly; he merely treats them good-humoredly, as if he were on a level much above that which they occupy, and they afforded him amusement by the pranks and follies they were kind enough to exhibit. He does not insult them, he merely makes fun of them. He gives his sentences a hundred little turns which serve to remind us how infinitely a man of the world is superior to such a creature as a Roman monk. He affixes to them a character of imbecility and of the most grotesque meanness; and

he thus creates an impression which is more adverse to ecclesiastical government than any which could be produced by the most savage and sustained attack.

There is a good instance of the treatment of religious questions adopted by M. About in a description he gives of the feast of St. Anthony, as celebrated by the peasants in the neighborhood of Rome. There is no expression that can exactly be objected to, and yet the result is to make the popular religion seem intensely silly. He tells us that if we wish to estimate rightly the zeal and simplicity of these peasants, we must watch them on a feast-day. Men, women, and children, all run to the church; a carpet of flowers is strewn on the road and joy beams on every countenance. You ask what it can be that causes this. It is the feast of St. Anthony. The mass is chanted and music played in honor of St. Anthony. A procession is organized to fete the saint: the little boys disguise themselves as angels; the men put on the habit of their societies. Here are the peasants of the Heart of Jesus, here those of the Name of Mary, here the Souls of Purgatory. The procession gets slightly confused; they kiss and kick and fight, all in honor of St. Anthony. At last the statue comes out of the church: it is a wooden doll with very red cheeks. Victory! The crackers go off, the women cry for joy, the babies cry at the top of their voice, "Long live St. Anthony!" In the evening there are splendid fireworks, and a balloon, shaped so as to resemble the image of the saint, mounts above the church and bursts magnificently. "St. Anthony would be very hard to please if such a homage did not go straight to his heart; and the peasants would be very exacting if, after so enchanting a festival, they complained because they had not got enough bread to eat."

This last sentence is a type of the whole work. After we have been amused, if not edified, by the description of the religious festival, we are gently and indirectly led to remark that the upshot of all this folly is, that the government starves its subjects. There is no ambiguity in the conclusion to which M. About brings himself and his readers. He states plainly, what he proves by every variety of proof, that "the caste of ecclesiastics reigns in a conquered country." The inhabitants are at war with the priests, and the priests with the inhabitants. M. About, indeed, would have us believe that the priests do not do the people any good, either as regards this world or the next. At any rate, in the cities the people are made positively irreligious by the religious system to which they are exposed. M. About tells a striking story to illustrate what the priests

have made the people think of God. A boy from Rimini was driving him during his travels, and they began talking on a subject which led the boy to express his religious belief. "Dieu? Je crois bien que, s'il y en a un, c'est un prêtre comme les autres." Of course, such stories never do any religious system full justice. A hundred stories could be brought on the other side, telling how the sick and penitent have been aided by the proximity of religious assistance. But this story of the boy of Rimini does not stand alone, and there are numberless other proofs adduced to show that the government of the priests is a source not only of suffering but of demoralization. As the book proceeds, we quite sympathize with the contempt M. About feels for his enemies, and are prepared for the careless indifference with which at the end he discusses the difficult question, What is to be done with the pope? He comes to the conclusion arrived at in the emperor's famous pamphlet. The pope might, he thinks, keep the city of Rome, and retain his palaces, temples, cardinals, priests, princes, and lackeys; Europe would provide sustenance for this little colony. "Rome," he goes on to say with lively irony, "would then be encircled with the respect of the universe as with a Chinese wall, and would be, so to speak, a foreign body in the midst of free and living Italy. The country would not suffer from it more or less than a veteran suffers from a ball that his surgeon has forgotten to extract." Good-humored contempt can scarcely go further than this.

So far as the style of such a work can be separated from the matter, the style is as nearly like the style of Voltaire as a modern style, free from direct imitation, can be like the style of an author who wrote a century ago. There are many passages in *La Question Romaine* which have at once the ease, the sparkle, and the malice of Voltaire—passages in which the style is every thing, and yet where the effect goes beyond any thing that style alone can produce, because the matter lends weight to the style. There is, for instance, a description of the Roman lottery system, which is somewhat tinged perhaps with the misrepresentation and irreverence of Voltaire, but is as striking and as effective as if Voltaire had written it. The evils of lotteries, when patronized by the government, have been exposed over and over again. It is also very obvious that these evils seem more glaring when the government that patronizes the lottery is composed of the teachers of the Gospel. To have said that, in spite of this, the lotteries are maintained because they feed the papal treasury, would have been true, but commonplace. The wit and the animosity of M.

About suggested to him a much more telling way of attacking the patronage which the pontifical authorities bestow on lotteries. He assumes that this patronage is bestowed because lotteries have such good religious effects, and exemplify with such curious felicity the doctrines preached by the priests. The lottery, he says, is not only a consolation for the poor, but in the States of the Church it forms a very appropriate part of public education. "It habituates the people to believe in miracles, by showing how beggars may be enriched as if by magic. A good ticket is like a present from Heaven; it is so much money fallen from the sky. The people know that no human effort can ensure three particular numbers being drawn; so they count only on the Divine goodness: they apply to the Capuchins to get them good numbers; they undertake solemn acts of devotion; they humbly ask for the inspiration of Heaven before going to bed; they see in dreams the Madonna all covered with figures. Certainly it is a great and wholesome lesson for all. Those who gain learn to praise God for his bounties; those who lose are punished for having coveted temporal blessings. Thus all the world is benefited, and especially the government; for this game brings it in two millions a year, without reckoning the satisfaction of having discharged a duty." M. About writes in French, and not in English, and his neat sentences are rather flat when translated; but even a translation shows how much can be done by putting such a point in a telling way. We may suspect that the follies of ticket-buyers are exaggerated, and we feel some uneasiness at religion being handled so lightly; but, at any rate, the main object of the writer is fully attained, and we pass away from the subject with a general impression that, in encouraging lotteries, the priests are even worse than we supposed.

This spring, M. About has published another political work of a much slighter and more ephemeral character. It is called *La Nouvelle Carte d'Europe*, and contains a comic account of the mode in which he thinks the territory of Europe ought to be distributed among those who have claims on it. It is a pleasantry, or an extravagance, rather than a serious contribution to practical politics. A number of persons, each representing one of the chief European nations, are gathered together at the Hôtel du Louvre, and after dinner is over they agree to speak in the name of their several countries, and to say what each is prepared to give up and accept. A French captain is president, and every one else makes sacrifices and receives indemnities. The lady who represents England cedes Malta, Gib-

raltar, and Corfu, and gets Egypt. "I can promise you," she says, "that henceforth there shall be no opposition to the construction of the canal. The great and generous English nation is incapable of hindering any work of general usefulness, when it would be to its own advantage to carry it out." France alone will take nothing. The captain explains that he does not want any more territory, but will devote himself to make his country happy and prosperous, to restoring the independence of the assemblies and the liberty of the press. M. About asks us in his preface not to take his jokes for more than they are meant to be. He never intended this to be regarded as a serious work. The thoughts were passing through his mind, and he amused himself with fancying what he should like, and what he thought might be arranged, if every one was different from what they are and Europe was an Utopia. Some of the thoughts lying at the bottom of this jocose distribution of the map of Europe are undoubtedly his real convictions. He thinks it true, and worth impressing on the European public, that if a general war is to be averted, there are nations which must make considerable sacrifices. He is also one of those persons who believe, or try to believe, that the present despotic or arbitrary character of the empire is merely temporary, and that the time will soon come, if it is not come already, for the emperor to change his part, and rule over a free people. But all in the pamphlet beyond these elementary thoughts is not entitled to be classed among the expressions of political opinion. It is written for the pleasure of writing it; and probably the hope of mystifying his readers was not among the least of the inducements which led M. About to compose it. The whole point of the thing, so far as it has a point, lies in the absence of any serious meaning, and in the license of fun which is taken with the subjects spoken of. The pope, who in the more serious pages of *La Question Romaine* was merely confined to the walls of Rome, is now sent to Jerusalem, where he takes a cottage, and has Antonelli to live in the floor above him; as, he says, he should not feel quite comfortable unless he was under his old friend and counsellor. This is pure burlesque, and is meant to be so.

La Nouvelle Carte d'Europe bears the same relation to *La Question Romaine* that *Germaine* and the other stories of Paris life

bear to *Tolla* and *Le Roi des Montagnes*. M. About is never, himself when he gets away from the basis of facts which he has observed and collected. There is the same emptiness in this new pamphlet as there is in those of his novels where M. About only exhibits the amount of experience of life which is necessary for the composition of light comedy. The wit that is intended to compensate for this emptiness is generally lively, but it is sometimes strained. Perhaps the difference between the smart vagueness of this account of an imaginary party at the Hôtel du Louvre and the effective definiteness of M. About's account of the papal states is worth studying on this side the water. English novelists are very fond of taking up political subjects and alluding to them more or less fully. But vague opinions on politics, however neatly put, are very worthless things; it is only when a novelist works as hard as ordinary dry politicians work that his book is instructive and valuable. Brilliancy of style and a ready sense of the comic are most admirable adjuncts when they accompany such an amount of honest investigation and shrewdness of perception as are displayed in works like M. About's *Question Romaine* and Mr. Trollope's volume on the West Indies. But vague speculations on politics are generally worse when they proceed from a novelist than when they come from more prosaic men; for they are aided by the story and the style, and a needless degree of suspicion is engendered lest they should possibly have more in them than they appear to have. We must do M. About the justice to say that he is well aware of this, and that he seems to see as distinctly as could be wished that when he is embodying the floating dreams or opinions of the day in funny or epigrammatic sentences, he is not doing a very great or useful thing. Without saying any thing severe of fugitive productions like his last, we may express a hope that when he next takes up his pen he may employ it to a better purpose. The pamphlet on Prussia, which has recently appeared with his name, has so evidently been written to order, that we need not criticise it further than to regret that he has abandoned the position of an independent writer; and to remark that he does not seem to have placed much brilliancy of style at the command of the government in return for the thoughts that were communicated to him.

CLAREMONT, AND THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

Continued from page 272.

In less than two years, on the 2nd of May, 1816, the Princess Charlotte was married to Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg. Claremont was bought of Mr. Ellis for their residence; and here, for about eighteen months, they tasted what might, perhaps, be truly termed uninterrupted happiness. As they drove slowly past our house on the banks of the Thames, on fine summer evenings, quietly chatting together, I can recollect being struck with the contrast in her face and mien from her appearance as she came out of the Chapel-Royal. I was child enough to be glad to have a scrap of her court-train from my grandmother's milliner: it was of gold brocade, with a pattern of rose-buds.

With the exception of a drawing-room or two, and a few state-balls and dinner-parties, nothing could be simpler than their life at Claremont. They attended the little parish church of Esher; and the princess, in straw bonnet, gray duffel cloak, and thick shoes, took an active interest in laying out her flower-garden, where there still are azaleas planted by her hands. Sir Thomas Lawrence, who visited Claremont in October 1817, has left an account of his stay there which gives a graphic likeness of the domestic group. He says:—

"The princess is, as you know, wanting in elegance of deportment, but has nothing of the hoyden, or of that boisterous hilarity which has been ascribed to her. Her manner is exceedingly frank and simple, but not rudely abrupt nor coarse; and I have, in this little residence of nine days, witnessed undeniable evidence of an honest, just English nature, that reminded me, from its immediate decision between the right and wrong of a subject, and the downrightness of the feeling that governed it, of the good king her grandfather. If she does nothing gracefully, she does every thing kindly.

"She already possesses a great deal of that knowledge of the past history of this country, that ought to form a part of her peculiar education.

"It is exceedingly gratifying to me that she both loves and respects Prince Leopold, whose conduct, indeed, and character seem justly to deserve those feelings. From the report of the gentlemen of his household, he is considerate, benevolent, and just, and of very amiable manners. My own observation leads me to think that in his behavior to her he is affectionate and attentive, rational and discreet; and, in the exercise of that judgment which is sometimes brought in opposition to some little thoughtlessness he is

so cheerful and slyly humorous, that it is evident (at least, it appears to me so) that she is already more in dread of his opinion than his displeasure.

"Their mode of life is very regular: they breakfast together alone about eleven; at half-past twelve she came in to sit to me, accompanied by Prince Leopold, who stayed great part of the time. About three, she would leave the painting-room, to take her airing round the grounds, in a low phaeton, with the prince always walking by her side. At five, she would come and sit to me till seven. At six, or before it, he would go out with his gun to shoot either hares or rabbits, and return about seven or half-past; soon after which we went to dinner, the prince and princess appearing in the drawing-room just as it was served up. Soon after the dessert appeared, the prince and princess retired to the drawing-room, whence we soon heard the pianoforte accompanying their voices. At his own time Colonel Addenbroke, the chamberlain, proposed our going in; always as I thought to disturb them.

"After coffee, the card-table was brought. . . . You know my superiority at whist, and the unfairness of my sitting down with unskilful players. I therefore did not obey command; and, from ignorance of the delicacy of my motives, am recommended to study Hoyle before I pay my second visit there next week."

This was written only a month before the princess' death. The next, written after that melancholy event says:—

"Her manner of addressing Prince Leopold was always as affectionate as it was simple—'My love;' and his, always 'Charlotte.' I told you that, when we went in from dinner, they were generally sitting at the pianoforte, often on the same chair. I never heard her play, but the music they had been playing was always of the finest kind.

"I was at Claremont, on a call of inquiry, the Saturday before her death. Her last command to me was, that I should bring down her picture, to give to Prince Leopold on his birthday, the 16th of next month."

And in his next he writes:—

"It was my wish that Prince Leopold should see the picture on his first entering the room to his breakfast; and, accordingly, at seven o'clock I set off with it in a coach. I got to Claremont, uncovered it, and placed it, in good time. Before I took it there, I carried it to Colonel Addenbroke, Baron Hardenbroke,* and Dr. Short, who had been her preceptor. Sir Robert Gardiner came in, and went out immediately. Dr Short looked at it for sometime in silence, but I saw his lips trembling, and his eyes filled to

* The prince's equeries.

overflowing. He said nothing, but went out; and, soon after him, Colonel Addenbrooke. The baron and I then placed the picture in the prince's room.

"When I returned to take my breakfast, Colonel Addenbrooke came in. He said, 'I don't know what to make of these fellows; there's Sir Robert Gardiner swears he can't stay in the room with it—that, if he sees it in one room, he'll go into another! Then, there's Dr. Short: I said to him, "I suppose, by your going out and saying nothing, you don't like the picture." "*Like it?*" said he (and he was blubbing); "'Tis so like her, and so amiable, that I could not stay in the room.'"

"More passed on the subject, not worth detailing. I learned that the prince was very much overcome by the sight of the picture, and the train of reflections it brought with it. Colonel Addenbrooke went in to the prince, and returning shortly, said, 'The prince desires me to say how much obliged to you he is for this attention; that he shall always remember it. He said, "Do you think Sir Thomas Lawrence would wish to see me? If he would, I shall be very glad to see him." I replied that I thought he would; so, if you like, he will see you whenever you choose, before your departure.' Soon after, I went in to him. As I passed through the hall, Dr. Short came up to me (he had evidently been, and was, crying), and thanked me for having painted such a picture, 'No one is a better judge than I am, Sir —; and he turned away.

"The prince was looking exceedingly pale, but he received me with calm firmness, and that low, subdued voice that you know to be the *effort* at composure. He spoke at once about the picture, and of its value to him more than to all the world besides. From the beginning to the close of the interview, he was greatly affected. He checked his first burst of affection, by adverting to the public loss, and that of the royal family. 'Two generations gone—gone in a moment! I have felt for myself, but I have also felt for the prince regent. My Charlotte is gone from the country—it has lost her. She was a good, she was an admirable woman. None could know my Charlotte as I did know her. It was my study, my duty, to know her character, but it was also my delight.'

"During a short pause, I spoke of the impression it had made on me.

"'Yes—she had a clear, fine understanding, and very quick; she was candid, she was open, and not suspecting; but she saw characters at the glance—she read them so true! You saw her—you saw something of us; you saw us for some days—you saw our

year! Oh! what happiness! And it was solid—it could not change, for we knew each other. Except when I went out to shoot, we were together always; and we *could* be together—we did not tire.'

"I tried to check this current of recollection that was evidently overpowering him (as it was me), by a remark on a part of the picture, and then on its likeness to the youth of the old king.

"'Ah! and my child was like her, for one so young (as if it could really be said to have lived). . . . She was always thinking of others, not of herself; no one so little selfish—always looking out for comfort of others. She had been for hours, for many hours, in great pain—in that condition in which selfishness must act if it *exists*—when good people will be selfish, because pain makes them so—and my Charlotte was not! Any grief could not make her so. She thought our child was alive; I knew it was not, and could not support her mistake. I left the room for a short time; in my absence, they took courage, and informed her. When she recovered from it, she said, "Call Prince Leopold; there is none can comfort him but me!" My Charlotte! my dear Charlotte!' . . . And, now looking at the picture, he said, 'Those beautiful hands, that, at the last, when she was talking to others, were always looking out for mine!' . . .

"More passed during our interview, but not much more—chiefly my part in it. At parting, he pressed my hand firmly, held it long—I should almost say affectionately. I had been, by all this conversation, so impressed with esteem for him, that an attempt to kiss the hand that held mine was irresistible, but it was checked on both sides. I but bowed, and he drew my hand towards him; he then bade me good-by, and on leaving the room, turned back, to give me a slow, parting nod; and, though half-blinded myself, I was struck with the exceeding paleness of his look across the room. His bodily health, his youthfulness, cannot sink under this heaviest affliction. . . . And his mind is rational; but, when thus leaving the room, his tall, dark figure, pale face, and solemn manner, for the moment looked a melancholy presage.

"Prince Leopold's voice is of a very fine tone, and gentle; and its articulations exceedingly clear, accurate, and impressive, without the slightest affectation. You know that sort of reasoning emphasis of manner with which the tongue conveys whatever deeply interests the mind. His 'My Charlotte' is affecting: he does not say 'Me Charlotte,' but simply and evenly, 'My Charlotte.'

Surely, we owe to Sir Thomas Lawrence

the best pen-and-ink sketch, as well as oil-color portrait, of the Princess Charlotte. The mournful presage he spoke of was happily not fulfilled: the prince, after a vision, perhaps, of a crown-matrimonial, and another "likeness of a kingly crown" in Greece actually proffered for his acceptance, assumed yet a third—not one of them coming to him in the way of inheritance—and has lived to prove himself the wise Ulysses of Europe. The senseless cry of a few ignorant people, that has occasionally been heard, of his "drawing so much money out of the country," is simply owing to their ignorance of his having always laid out, or laid by, his £50,000 a-year in the country, for the benefit of the estate which was the nation's gift. That estate was the favorite country-seat of his niece, our beloved queen, till yet nearer ties, and the claim of misfortune, made it the asylum of the ex-royal family of France—Louis Philippe being the father of the second wife, who, dying untimely, left Leopold again a widower. Though her name was Louise, their only daughter was named Charlotte.

Since that first short glimpse of Claremont, I have spent many snatches of time in and about it, chiefly while "the land was yet keeping its sabbaths," and the house unoccupied except by servants—I have strayed at early dawn and dewy eve among the flower-beds planted by the Princess Charlotte, and shaded by funereal cedars—while the twenty gardeners were busy at their work—and sat dreaming in the alcove, with royal initials made in its rustic wood-work, splashed now and then by the spray of the little fountain—wandered past the Observatory, where royal breakfasts, *à la Watteau*, have sometimes taken place on the grass, to the "upland lawns," and leafy glades, and tangled thickets, up to the peaceful little mausoleum that commemorates the Princess Charlotte; and thence, amid many sounds of insect and animal life, but apparently miles away from human footfall, down to the shining lake, with its decayed old punt moored beneath overhanging trees, and its tiny cottage, where an old woman used to boast a Bible that had been given her by the Princess Charlotte. Thence, whichever way I turned, I was sure to find myself soon parallel with the outer park paling, soon to lose it again, amid wild brushwood and tangled thickets, and just, perhaps, as I was beginning to find myself almost too lonely, and to wonder would my wanderings ever come to an end, or was I really lost, a waggoner talking to his horses close at hand in the high-road would make me start, and remove my fears of the endlessness of the

mazes woven by Capability Brown within a girdle of four miles.

In the adjoining shadowy lanes, and on the skirts of old commons, I frequently came upon the cottages of pensioned retainers of royalty, retired from service. One, on the sheltered edge of a lone heath, was the dwelling of the Prince of Wales' nurse, of whom a tragic tale was told. Another, close on the village, was occupied by a gray-haired, venerable, sweet-looking old man, table-decker to the king of the Belgians, whose only office had been to set out the dessert, but who was pensioned off by his benevolent master. "Well, Mr. T., so you have ladies lodging with you, I see," said the king, cheerfully, under his window one morning. He had come over unexpectedly from Belgium, and one or two of us, straying along the lane the preceding evening, had been startled to see his well-remembered, keen, handsome face, as his carriage rapidly passed us. The old man bustled about, and made himself look quite gentlemanlike before he posted up to the great house on his errand of devious and loyal affection, to deck the table.

Another time, when the old table-decker was dead and gone, a friend with whom I was staying took me into the cottage of an old man living on a breezy common. He was evidently a character; had neither child nor wife; lived quite by himself, except that an old woman came to clean up the house on Saturdays.

"Mr. B—," said my friend, after some chat, "I want you to let this lady see your clock—Pope's clock, you know, that you bought at the sale at Twickenham."

"Oh, she's welcome to see it," said he, stumping off to his little kitchen—"there's the clock, and I think I shall leave it to Prince Albert some of these days—'cause he and the queen admired it so."

"Oh, come, Mr. B—, tell us all about that affair—my friend will like to hear it."

"Oh, well, there isn't much to tell. One Saturday afternoon, a smart spring shower came on, and as I was going by the window I see a young lady and gentleman run pretty fast for shelter into my outhouse, so I goes to the front door and hollers out, 'I say, you'd better come in here.' So, upon that, in they come, and I was a going to show them into the parlor, when the young lady says, 'Oh, I'd rather go in to the kitchen, for I see you've a fire, and my shoes are rather wet.' Well, I let her do as she liked; and as the fire was not an over good one, the young gentleman he begins to make it up by putting on some turf that lay by; and, just by way of something to say, you know,

good-natured-like, says he, 'This is nice turf you've got.' 'That just shows how little you know about it, sir,' says I, 'for they've cut it too deep—quite down into the earth.' Well, on this he looks about him for something else to notice; and, seeing those cups and saucers on the mantel-shelf, 'You've got some old china,' says he. 'Not old china at all,' says I. 'That's *delft*; and before you were born, sir, people thought a good deal of eating off *delft*, which, being the best ware they could get, they valued as much as we value china now.' So then the young lady says, 'You've a curious clock.' 'Yes,' says I, 'that really is a curiosity, for it was Pope's, and I bought it at the sale of his effects at Twickenham.' 'Is it just as it was when Pope had it?' 'Oh, no,' says I, 'I've had it cleaned and done up.' 'Ah, that's a pity,' said she, 'for otherwise I would have bought it of you.' Well, I thought this funny; but just then the gentleman, who had gone to the front door, called out, 'It has left off raining now.' 'You can't justly tell whether it has or not, sir,' says I, 'because the wind sets agin the back of the house. If you go to the backdoor, you'll be likely to see.' Well, he goes to the backdoor; and, directly he opens it, out darted two dogs, a big and a little one, and began rolling themselves on my peppermint bed. 'Hallo, sir,' says I, 'do you know I sell my peppermint?' So he laughs, and whistles them off, and says to the lady, 'It really has left off raining now,' so away they go, after thanking me for giving them shelter; and I stand at the door looking after them, and see them cut across the common to a little gate in the park-paling. So I stood thinking to myself, 'Whoever could they be? Going into the park, too! Why, then, ten to one, it's the queen and Prince Albert! To think of that never having struck me! Yes, yes, I dare say it was, for he's tall and she's short; and they do go about with two dogs. But I didn't know they were expected down here just now. However, I'll just go up to the house with a basket of eggs, and then I shall hear.' So I went up with my basket of eggs; and, sure enough, the servants told me they *had* come down unexpectedly, and had gone out to walk directly after luncheon, and had been caught in the rain."

"Well, but, Mr. B., that is not all."

"Oh, no; that is not all. The next day, as they tell me, the queen and all her party were going out on horseback, when she says, 'Have any of you any money?' 'How much does your majesty want?' says one of the equerries. 'Oh, five or ten pounds.' 'I have five pounds, your majesty.' 'Oh, that will do.' So they rode along here; and, as

they went by, the queen said to him, 'Go in, and give the poor man in that cottage five pounds for me; and tell him I thank him for having given us shelter yesterday.' So, of course, I was very much pleased; but, you know, I didn't know who he was; so, seeing him come in and leave the gate open, I thought I should be having the dogs in again; so I bawled out, 'Shut the gate after you!'

"Well, every autumn since, she has sent me five pounds. Yes, it's very good of her; and I've no way of showing her what I think of it but by taking her a basket of cherry-pippins, which is not what everybody can do, for I don't know of any others hereabouts but mine. I have but one tree, and I always save its pippins for the queen. You shall have one, though, ma'am! Here's one for ye!"

Old Mr. B. is now dead; and before he died he made his will, and left Pope's clock to the prince-consort. I dare say dozens of such stories as these of the queen's benevolence might be picked up in that neighborhood, where she and the prince spent much of their time during their early married life, and were deservedly popular.

At length came the year 1848, when "thrones, dominations, principedoms, powers," experienced strange reverses; and Louis Philippe and his family, after a flight attended by romantic perils, escaped, like birds out of the fowler's net, to hospitable England—so recently called by one of them "*perfidie Albion*." Well, they arrived, with little or no baggage or equipage, with their lives—and that was all; Louis Philippe making his way to our coast under the convenient travelling name of "Mr. Smith," the scattered members of his family and suite making their way after him as fast as they could. Directly the news of the fugitives' arrival at Claremont reached Windsor Castle, Prince Albert hastened to them by rail, taking the little yellow fly at the Esher station, which ordinarily awaited chance customers, to convey him to Claremont. The queen did not forget the friendly reception recently given her in France, nor her recent visit to Esher, with Louis Philippe as her guest, seated beside her in the *char-à-banc* he had given her, and holding in his hand a sprig he had gathered in his old home at Twickenham. Whatever they could want for immediate use was at their service. All that the most delicate, sympathizing kindness could do, was done to make them comfortable in the asylum which, in fact, was destined to be the last earthly home of more than one of the fugitives.

Meanwhile, the poor, harassed ex-queen

was gradually recovering from the fatigue and agitation of her journey, and creeping slowly into the pleasure-grounds with her husband; the lost Duchess de Montpensier was found; the Prince and Princess de Joinville, Duke and Duchess de Nemours, Duke and Duchess d'Aumale, with their children, gathered round the dethroned pair; and by the most admirable and amiable adaptation of their conduct to their altered circumstances, proved themselves far greater in adversity than they had ever done in prosperity—

" 'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius—we'll de-
serve it! "

The ladies plaited straw for their own bonnets, seated on the grass; while the princes read aloud to them, and the children sported around; the terrible Prince de Joinville, late admiral of the French fleet, breathing fire and slaughter whenever he spoke of Albion, now concentrated his energies on preventing the afore-named old punt from foundering, while he rowed his small children—the little Prince Pierre, and the tiny Princess Françoise—on the lake; the dukes, his brothers, no longer the admired of all observers at Longchamps, might be seen side by side on the box of the old yellow fly, driving about the park. In a little while, some of their own horses and equipages enabled them to make a better figure; for, when things had shaken down a little, there was a sufficient residue of property, from one source and another, really and lawfully their own, to enable them to live quite becomingly on a par with the nobility and gentry of the land. Till this could be secured, however, they were in anxiety and straits; and they bore their trials with meritorious patience and fortitude. It was impressive to see the fallen king and dejected queen tottering along together; the graceful princesses, whose slightest notice had lately been so prized, gliding through green shades, or flitting under porticoes, accompanied by their little children; in the background, the faithful Swiss, who continued to sleep at his master's door, and declared that, if anybody forced an entrance there, it should be through his body.

Doubtless, hopes were long cherished that something would turn up—that Providence,

fortune, chance, a happy turn of affairs, patience, good generalship, would enable them to take advantage of the first break in the clouds, and regain somewhat of their lost position. Even the failure of one or two schemes of this kind was, perhaps, better to them than the intolerable monotony, the complete blank, the absolute want of occupation, motive, or hope. Ex-statesmen, fallen ministers, tried adherents, came and went. There must have been little family councils, closetings, embassies, voluminous correspondences—all coming to nothing, yet held better than nothing. I chanced to see them all, one evening, descend the dimly lighted grand staircase to dinner; the household being drawn up in the hall, almost in the dark, though gleams of bright light now and then streamed from the dining-room. As each prince noiselessly descended, leading his princess—one of them the infants, whose hand, almost in her childhood, had been so sharply contested—they seemed like figures in a dream, or a silent pageant in a theatre.

Another interesting figure was soon added to the scene—Helen, the high-minded Duchess of Orleans: not beautiful, but good, pious, energetic, dignified, Protestant; differing in some of her opinions from her husband's family, but casting in her lot among them, and beloved by them all for her unaltered sweetness. She soon took a large family house on the skirts of the park, where she quietly superintended the education of her two sons. Then came the death of that busy-headed, clever, broken-hearted old king—once held as the subtlest monarch in Europe. The Duchess of Orleans and the Duchess de Nemours were not long following him. Claremont seemed to keep up its reputation, ever since the days of Lord Clive, of being fatal to those who became its occupants; and now, a bereaved, despoiled, diminished circle gathers within its walls, with nothing to hope, nothing to fear—subdued to take meekly and with fortitude the blighted lot God apportioned them; and, with true French philosophy, affording noteworthy examples—

"What liberty He gives when we do fall
Within the compass of an outward thrall!
And what contentments He bestows on them
Whom others do neglect, or else condemn!" *

* George Wither.

From The New Monthly Magazine.

LADY MORGAN.*

WE are indebted to the spirited author of "The Friends, Foes, and Adventurers of Lady Morgan," for having embodied such points as were worthy of preservation from that pleasant, genial, and gossiping book, added a mass of new and important matter, and have thus given to the public, in a cheap, accessible form, at once a trustworthy and a readable life of that very remarkable lady. The first chapter of the present work is almost entirely devoted to a narrative of her father's (Robert Owenson) theatrical career, and to a picture of the Irish stage at the close of the last century. In the second, we have Sydney Owenson at school, then on the stage, and next as youthful poetess. In connection with the second point, Mr. Fitzpatrick says:

"In the first edition of this work, it was incidentally mentioned that Lady Morgan in her very early life had performed for some time with her father upon the boards; but no authorities were produced for the assertion, beyond a passing reminiscence expressed by the late Dr. Burke of the Rifle Brigade. 'I well remember,' said that gentleman, 'the pleasure with which I saw Owenson personate Major O'Flaherty in Cumberland's then highly popular comedy of "The West Indian," and I also well remember that the long-afterwards widely famed Lady Morgan performed at the same time, with her father, either in "The West Indian" or an afterpiece. This took place at Castlebar before the merry, convivial Lord Tyrawley and the officers of the North Mayo militia.'

"Miss Owenson," observed a high literary authority, 'may have performed in private theatricals at Castlebar before "the convivial Lord Tyrawley," without being a member of any dramatic company, and without playing on any public stage. A genuine biographical charm attaches to the inquiry, and Mr. Fitzpatrick should pursue it. Lady Morgan had a most happy genius for the stage mimicry and characterization, was most passionately attached to private theatricals, and it would be curious to know whether she had ever displayed this genius on the real stage.'

"There are very few persons now living competent to furnish any personal information on this point. All we can do is to collect a few waifs and strays, and let the reader draw his own conclusion. An octogenarian player, Mr. W. A. Donaldson, in his recently published 'Fifty Years of an Actor's Life,' tells us, 'Lady Morgan is the oldest writer in Great Britain. This highly gifted woman began her career in the dramatic world. Her father was the manager of several theatres in Ireland, where she sustained characters suited to her juvenile years, with considerable ability; but when her father ceased

* Lady Morgan: her Career, Literary and Personal, with a Glimpse of her Friends, and a Word to her Calumniators. By William John Fitzpatrick, J. P. Charles J. Skeet.

management, her ladyship devoted her attention to literature.' To this evidence it may be added that one of Ireland's most distinguished Celtic scholars was assured by the late Dean Lyons of Erris, by the late Thaddeus Connellan, itinerant preacher in Connaught, and by the late Mr. Nolan, clerk of the Ordnance at Athlone, that they had seen Owenson and his little daughter act at Sligo, and elsewhere throughout Connaught. But, in recording these reminiscences, it is right to add that the impression of Lady Morgan's nieces is, that she at no period appeared on the stage.

"The result of a few substantial benefits at Smock-alley enabled Owenson to hire successively some of the provincial theatres in Ireland. Accompanied by a small but select company, he went the round of them in 1785. Early personal and local associations led him to give the preference of selection to the province of Connaught.

"A distinguished member of the Royal Hibernian Academy, and a native of the west of Ireland, tells me that he often heard his late father describe the colossal form of Owenson as he wound his way, with some theatrical dresses on one arm, and his tiny daughter Sydney supported on the other, down Market Street, Sligo, en route to the little theatre adjacent. This interesting incident probably occurred about the year 1788. Mrs. Owenson must have been dead at that time. It is at least certain that the good lady was not living in 1780. She remained quite long enough, however, to leave an indelible impression on the mind of little Sydney, and to endear her memory, in a peculiar manner, to the children. In some lines on her 'Birthday,' written about the year 1788, Sydney refers to

"The cheap, the galleless joys of youthful hours,

The strength'ning intellect's expanding powers;

The doating glance of fond maternal eyes,
The soft endearment of life's earliest ties:
The anxious warning that so often glow'd
On these dear lips, whence truth and fondness flowed.

"Those lips that ne'er the stern command imposed,

These thrice dear lips—forever, ever closed!

"The result of much inquiry on the subject has convinced us that Sydney Owenson never performed at any of the Dublin theatres, but may have appeared, when a mere child, in connection with some of her father's professional tours through the western counties of Ireland. Owenson always flung himself into theatricals with hearty raciness and abandon; but the more he saw of stage life, its temptations, dangers, and anxieties, the stronger grew his disinclination to see any near and dear relative of his treading the boards."

The trifling evidence here adduced is still sufficient to satisfy the mind as to the fact. Indeed, the only evidence against it—and it is not worthy of the name of evidence—is the impression of Lady Morgan's nieces that

she at no period appeared on the stage—an impression which they would be very likely to foster.

Sydney lost her mother in early life; but her father was extremely vigilant, and on one occasion threatened to pitch some young ensigns, who thought they might while away their heavy leisure moments in a flirtation or two, out of the window. We learn elsewhere that—

"The Connaught gentry paid Owenson such attention that he came to Dublin for little Sydney, and brought her down to Sligo. The family of Sir Malby Crofton of Colloony, the Everards, the Barclays, the Coopers, Phibbses, Booths, Ormsbys, and Norcots, showed the small girl much kindness and attention.

"The legitimate drama having failed to take, poor Owenson endeavored to fill his theatre by personating some very loudly comic characters. 'I remember,' observes an old Sligo lady, 'enjoying his representation of the Killibegs Haymaker, with *suggans* (or straw ropes) round his hat, waist, and legs, his coat in tatters, and straws sticking out of his brougues. I laughed heartily at him, as did his two daughters, who were in the pit with, I think, an uncle of the present Sir Robert Gore Booth of Lisadale, and indeed I thought I would be ashamed if my father were so dressed, but they enjoyed it greatly. I knew Miss Sydney Owenson well: she was a gay, vivacious, smart young woman; I remember her dining and spending the evening at Mr. Feeney's, a merchant of Sligo; she came in the full-dressed fashion of that day; she danced gracefully. Being called on for a song, all our expectations were that we should hear some new French or Italian air, but, to our surprise, she took her sweet small harp, and played up the air and sang the song, 'Oh, whistle and I will be with you, my lad.' Mr. Owenson was a very good comic actor. I remember having seen the same play acted afterwards in Dublin, but not so well as Mr. Owenson did it at Sligo. Miss Owenson spent a great deal of her time at the seat of Sir Malby Crofton. She often passed me on the road, riding a nice pony. I thought that she did not sit so straight in her saddle as the ladies who accompanied her.' Another octogenarian of Sligo writes: 'I frequently went to Owenson's theatre in Waterlane, Knox's Street. I remember his daughters in the pit with Mr. Harloe Phibbs, who attracted general observation, as a report was at that time rife that he was courting Miss Sydney Owenson. There were no boxes in Sligo Theatre then. Harloe Phibbs was the son of old Bloomer Phibbs, who went by the name of 'Smooth Acres.' The fashionable improvidence of the day led to these acres being encumbered and sold. I remember, on the particular night in question, that Owenson's part was Pan, dressed up in goat-skins, a very amusing character."

The invasion of the French and the capture of Castlebar appear to have brought Owenson's histrionic embarrassments to a

crisis, and it would also appear, from a note appended at the conclusion of the work before us, that Sydney Owenson went out as governess at or about this period, when necessity—that great parent of exertion—induced by her father's misfortune, also first brought her into notice as the authoress of a little volume of poems, "juvenile and otherwise." Croker's assaults also first began at this, the very dawn of her literary career; and one benefit resulted from these attacks, that they aided her reception in high quarters, nor did they in any way dim the genius of her who was at the same time preparing her "Wild Irish Girl" for the press.

These youthful steps of progress were followed by her marriage with Surgeon Morgan; and the manner in which she got her intended knighted, and thus obtained for herself the title of Sydney Lady Morgan, is very characteristic:—

"We now approach the most important period in the domestic life of Miss Owenson. Mr. T. C. Morgan was a surgeon and general medical practitioner in an English provincial town. The late Marquis of Abercorn, in passing through it, en route for Tyrone, from his Scottish seat Dadingtone House, Edinburgh, met with an accident which threatened dangerous results, and Surgeon Morgan was sent for. The doctor was promptly in attendance, and for more than a week he remained night and day beside the noble patient's couch. Under the skilful treatment of Mr. Morgan, the marquis at length became rapidly convalescent. He felt sincerely grateful to the young physician for his assiduous and efficient attention, and invited him on a visit to his Irish seat at Baron's Court, County of Tyrone, where the marchioness was about to organize some splendid *fêtes champêtres*. The invitation was accepted. Anne, Marchioness of Abercorn, had a select circle of guests on a visit at the house, and amongst the number Miss Owenson. Mr. Morgan was a widower, but more literary and romantic and juvenile than the generality of widowers: a congeniality of taste brought him and the young authoress into frequent conversation. Time passed swiftly and gayly; but in the midst of this festivity and frolic a letter arrived, announcing the dangerous illness of Robert Owenson, and summoning his daughter Sydney to Dublin. With weeping eyes and an aching heart—but not on Morgan's account—she bade the young widower a hurried adieu. Owenson made a short rally, and survived until May, 1812. Surgeon Morgan, in the mean time, with a smitten heart followed Miss Sydney Owenson to Dublin, and persecuted her with declarations of the love which filled him to distraction. The popular Duke of Richmond invited the authoress and Mr. Morgan to one of the private balls at the Viceregal Court. His excellency, in the course of a lounging conversation with Miss Owenson, playfully alluded to the matrimonial report which had begun to be bruited about, and expressed a hope

to have the pleasure, at no distant day, of congratulating her on her marriage. 'The rumor respecting Mr. Morgan's *dévouement*,' she replied, 'may or may not be true; but this I can at least with all candor and sincerity assure your grace, that I shall remain to the last day of my life in single blessedness, unless some more tempting inducement than the mere change from Miss Owenson to Mistress Morgan be offered me.' The hint was taken, and Charles, Duke of Richmond, in virtue of the powers of his office, knighted Surgeon Morgan on the spot."

A visit to the continent followed upon her marriage. The object of this journey was to pick up materials for the work on France, which her biographer considers as her *chef-d'œuvre*. The publication of this book aroused the bitter ire of the *Quarterly*, and caused her to be pursued by all the venom of "shoals of slanderers and snakes in the grass."

Lady Morgan was, however, quite capable of fighting her own battles, and she has a most efficient and zealous protector of her fair fame in Mr. Fitzpatrick. Irish by birth, sceptic by education, and democratic by inspiration, she lived half a century before her time. The literary organ of government could at that epoch give the signal, and fifty

subaltern scribes were ready to take it up, and to make a point of attacking indiscriminately whatever Lady Morgan did. Had she lived in our own time it would have been a different thing: she would have had her "opposition"—that, with her politics and idiosyncrasies, would have been unavoidable—but she would have had a clear stage and fair play.

It is gratifying to find this extraordinary woman's life told in so brief, agreeable, straightforward, and honest a manner. If we were to say that none but an Irishman could have done justice to such a subject, we should only say what we believe; the same amount of research, and even the same amount of sympathy, might have been found on this side of the channel, but the hearty Celtic raciness and local color, never. Indeed, if we were to say, with an Irish conservative paper, that there is but one man in the United Kingdom who could have produced this book, we should, perhaps, be still nearer the mark. The spirit of inquiry which exhausts every source of information, the perseverance and tact, and the genial warmth, are characteristics only of the author of the "Life and Times of Lord Cloncurry," and of the "Note on the Cornwallis Papers."

On Saturday the matrimonial union of Prince Peter of Arenberg with the Countess Dowager Caroline of Stahremberg, *née* Countess Kaunitz, was celebrated with great pomp at the cathedral of St. Stephen's, Vienna, in the presence of the whole *beau monde* of the Austrian metropolis. The story of this marriage is a not uninteresting one. Prince Peter is no less than seventy years old, and his new consort, the celebrated Count Kaunitz's daughter, is sixty-one. In early youth both loved each other tenderly, and would have got married but for the opposing wish of their respective parents. It is an old, a very old story this kind of tale, and it is quite unnecessary, consequently, to dwell on details in this particular case, as all cases of the sort resemble each other, like leaves on the same tree. Suffice it to say that Prince Peter of Arenberg had to lead a daughter of Prince Charles de Talleyrand to the altar, and that the young Countess of Kaunitz was united to a graf, or earl, of Stahremberg. Years flowed on; both the former lovers came to have children of their own; both, probably, had cares of their own, and thus their lives rolled on as most human lives do—a mixture of joys and sorrows, pleasures and pains. But, singularly enough, both the husband of Caroline of Kaunitz and the wife of Peter of Arenberg died at the same time, and accident throwing the two

old friends once more together, they courageously resolved to carry out their original intention and get married. Hence the ceremony of Saturday last in the noble temple of St. Peters, at Vienna.—*Berlin Correspondence of the Court News.*

MAHOMEDAN FUNERALS.—The funerals are conducted with little or no ceremony. The body, placed upon a bier, and covered with a common cloth if that of a poor person, with white cashmere among the rich, and with a green cashmere if belonging to the family of a cheriff, is thus borne to the cemetery, the followers repeating all the way in a slow, measured tone the words, "Allah! Allah! Allah!" There are no undertakers here for the arrangement of funeral processions, that duty being performed by the relatives and servants of the deceased. It is customary for any person meeting a funeral procession to diverge from his course and take hold of a corner of the bier, walking with it until another passer-by takes his place—the Mussulman usage exacting that each person must lend his services in this way for at least ten paces. I have many a time dismounted on thus meeting a funeral cortege to take my place in it according to this custom.—*Mysteries of the Desert.*

From The Dublin University Magazine.

FOUND AT SEA.

SHORTLY after the loss of the steamer, *Argus*, on the Mull of Cantire, it became my duty to cross the channel which divides the island of Rathlin from the coast of Antrim.

The storm, which had previously detained me, had scarcely subsided; the waves still rolled heavily in upon the wild iron shore, and the broken waters still leaped and flashed along the many perilous tideways. Had it been possible, I would gladly have deferred my return to the island; but there was no alternative, urgent reasons compelled me, at least to attempt the passage.

The spot I selected from which to sail, was then, and is probably still, a remote fishing place, surrounded with rugged cliffs, and protected from the full strokes of the northern ocean by some scattered islets and rocks, perpetually streaming with white foam.

Anxious to avail myself of a temporary calm, I pressed a strange-looking fisherman to undertake the *voyage*. At my suggestion, he engaged a boy to assist in managing the sails, and, as the evening began to close, we stepped the mast and bore out to sea. At first there was considerable risk amongst the broken waves and currents rushing through and over the rocks surrounding the port; but, presently the open sea lay before us, and the full, steady swell of the canvas held fair and straight for the opposite bay of the island. Nevertheless, the sea continued laboring under us with deep, convulsive waves, even to my experienced eyes, strangely abrupt and dark, considering the light still in the skies, and the comparative tranquillity of the wind. As the boat flew on into the full current of the ebb tide, coming down the channel, this agitation became more singular and alarming, and I began to consider myself justified in desisting from the attempt, when each sluggish and almost perpendicular mass of water threatened to break upon us and overwhelm the boat.

But a few minutes, and my intentions and plans received a startling interruption.

I turned to consult the fisherman as to the weather, and our safest course. To my surprise, he had removed from the place he first occupied on the afterthwart, and was standing beside the mast to the leeward. I called him twice, as loudly as I was able, but he did not answer. He seemed to have fixed his eyes upon a distant island, seldom seen from the Irish coast, but which our position had made visible. The man seemed fascinated as by a spell. When the boat mounted or sank with the wave, he strained and struggled to keep the island in sight, and followed it till the last possible instant.

Suddenly, the morose look of the man when first we met upon the shore, and the recklessness of his manner when speaking of the probable risk of the voyage, occurred to me. He must be insane. The peril of our situation had called forth a paroxysm of his malady. In such a craft, and place, I was at his mercy. I could not doubt that any attempt to control him by force would inevitably upset the boat. It occurred to me, however, that he might be soothed by kind words. So I cried out, "Oh, never mind Ghea, like a good fellow, I'll take you there to-morrow, if you'll be quiet till we get ashore."

If you have ever been confronted by a madman, you may perhaps fancy—what I never can remember without horror—the fearful sight of that wretch as he turned upon me. His blood-shot eyes glared with savage rage. His gray, shaggy hair straggling over his convulsed features, and his hands tossed in horrible despair, as he cried—"I ken it a'; I ken it a'. Strange man! ye came to drag me to the doom, for yon bloody work. But I'll never fa' into the hands o' man's justice. I'll dee noo, and ye shall sink along wi' me. Dee a', a' tagither."

Another instant and he would have fulfilled his threat. Leaping upon the gunwale he seized the mast, and with fearful cries endeavored to capsize the boat. It was an awful moment; hanging over the dark hollows of the sea, or horribly tottering upon the verge of the white hissing wave. I recommended myself to God, and believed I should never rise a living man from out the depth of the enormous wave just past.

The madman repeated his wild efforts; our fate was certain. When—suddenly there occurred one of those events which, however true, are scarcely credible.

Right before the boat, about half-way down the side of the approaching wave, there appeared the face and shoulders, as far as the bosom, of a beautiful woman; one arm clasped across her breast bore the form and drapery of an infant, the other was stretched forth white and beautiful as if to guard the infant from danger; while her large, humid eyes seemed pleading with whatever form of peril was about to destroy them. Her long, yellow hair lay half floating, half mingled with the crest of the wave, and her white garments partly clung closely to her person, partly drifted behind. The poor fisher boy, who had sat terrified during the struggles of the lunatic, now cast himself headlong into the bottom of the boat, praying and trembling. As for myself, I also felt utterly unable to speak or act under the strange and sudden shock, and immediately

when the lunatic saw the object, he became like a man paralyzed, his face assumed a look of utmost terror, and claspings his hands, with eyes wildly fixed, he cried, "O my leddy! my leddy! forgie me, for His sake. It was na me—I was led into it, forgie me, forgie me, my leddy."

While he spoke the form disappeared under water, and the black surging wave rushed past.

Either the revulsion of feeling, or deadly purpose against his life, impelled the wretched man, but in a moment he was in the deep sea, scarcely struggling, apparently unconscious of his danger.

To drop the sail, seize the boat-hook, and keep him above water, was the work of a second; presently, we had him replaced in the bottom of the craft, with the precaution of strong lashing to the thwarts, lest another recurrence of his violence should renew our peril.

We found little difficulty in making our return to the port with our prisoner. I lost no time in communicating with a magistrate, taking care to give my suspicion that the body we had seen was somehow connected with some crime, of which I believed the prisoner either guilty or cognizant. He perfectly agreed with my view of the case. And after much persuasion, and many offers of reward, the wild, superstitious fishermen were induced to begin a search for the corpse.

Strongly they protested against the very idea of remuneration, the only reason they would admit, being "that naeboddy could fish the banks while a corpse was floating about them; and that the sea would na, and could na, settle till it was delivered of its burden."

The search was full of very interesting, and to me pathetic, incidents. The wives and children of the great bronzed men accompanied them to the boats, and the old women, standing out upon the projecting rocks, delivered cautions and prayers to the fishermen as they passed. Now it was their fervent desire "that she should find her rest, God pity her!" Now a shrill voice would remind a passing boatman, "Alick! d'ye hear! Dinna take her in the boat, its no canny to carry aboard them frae whom the Lord has ta'en awa' life!"

And out upon the blue Atlantic, as the boats flew past each other, tacking to and fro, it was strange to find that the usual cheer and good-natured jest were silent and forgotten, and to observe the gloomy, sorrowful looks of the men as they gazed down into the sea, and conversed in whispers about the dead body, which they presumed was near.

At last a signal announced the recovery of the corpse, and the boats gathering from

all quarters proceeded to arrange for its conveyance to the shore. The body of the infant which I had seen was not recovered, having probably been torn from the mother's arms in the storm of the preceding night.

True to their traditions, the fishermen would not receive the body into one of their boats, but wrapping a sail carefully around it, drew it after the leading boat to shore. The others followed in procession, with their dark sails over the melancholy sea, making one of the strangest funerals I ever looked upon.

By an by, a mass of yellow hair escaped from the sail and trailed far out upon the waves. The sight of it affected the rough, strong men, one and all, most deeply. From every eye the tears flowed big and fast, and while some hardy fellow swept them off with his great brown hand, he would half-excuse his weakness, saying, "Ech, sirs, its hard to thole. Whaever saw the like out here. The puir mither, and where's her winsome baby?"

Upon the shore the people of the village were gathered, standing out upon the shelving rocks, knee deep in the foam, and the bursts of real sorrow that rose from the crowd as the corpse was carried to the green was, beyond measure, affecting.

"Rin and ca' the rector, some o' ye," gruffly ordered the oldest of the fishermen, who usually took great authority upon emergencies, and was now obeyed by some of the young men about him.

Presently the rector of the parish appeared among his kindly and humble flock, tears in his soft eyes, and his white head uncovered in the presence of the dead.

"We will bury her," said he, "in our own churchyard, and pray God to comfort her friends and prepare us all whenever he shall call us."

I shall never forget that burial. The quaint old church, with its little slated spire, and white tower and walls; below the evening sea rolling up its hoarse murmurs and blending with the voices of minister and people; the great stern headlands boldly profiled along the lofty coast, and the bold hills rising closely round the smoke of the notwithstanding village; the simple poor people, with frequent sobs, assembled round the grave of one who had no other title to their regard than that she was a woman, a mother, and lost at sea!

Immediately after the funeral, I proceeded to my post, and it was not until years after I heard the remainder of the narrative.

For a time the circumstances of the death of the lady remained unknown, though many advertisements, descriptive of her person, had been published. A child whose

clothes bore the same initials, and was certainly hers, had drifted on shore and been buried some fourteen miles further to the west. The fisherman who had so nearly destroyed me maintained, after his arrest a gloomy and obstinate silence; nothing could induce him to give the least explanation of his conduct, of the words he had used. When, for want of evidence, he was discharged, he returned to his former employment and residence; but the fishermen and peasantry avoided him so carefully that his life was perfectly solitary. It was known, however, that much of his time was spent over the grave of the lady whose murderer he was supposed to be, and that he frequently visited the grave of her child. At length a gentleman arrived at Camplay and requested permission to remove the body of her who had proved to have been Mrs. M'Cleane, of Ghea, as he had previously removed the body of her child from its burying-place. While availing himself of the permission readily granted, his workmen were disturbed by the sudden appearance of

the lunatic fisherman. He had rushed from the grave of the child, which he had found empty, and endeavored by threats and violence to drive the people from the graveyard. Suspicion was again aroused; he was more closely examined; and it appeared that he had been the servant of Mr. M'Cleane, of Ghea, who had discharged him for misconduct. Influenced by feelings of fierce revenge against his late master, he had cut loose from the shore a boat into which his young mistress had entered with her child, to wait the arrival of her husband. He had watched the boat carried away by one of the impetuous tides, and believed himself a murderer, and revenged. However, Mrs. M'Cleane was recovered from that danger, but a few months afterwards was lost with the many other victims who sank in the ill-fated *Argus*.

It would seem that the bodies of the hapless mother and child had been conveyed by the currents into my path. It is certain that the extraordinary circumstance I have faithfully recorded was the means of saving me from a sudden and dreadful death.

DUMAS ROBBERING GARIBALDI.—Not long ago Barnes and Burr, of New York, published an interesting *Life of Garibaldi*, written by himself, with sketches of his companions in arms, translated by his friend and admirer, Theodore Dwight. This biography, it appears by the following extract from the *Philadelphia Press*, has been stolen by that most unscrupulous of literary hacks, Alexandre Dumas:—

"Some months ago the famous Alexandre Dumas, author of '*Monte Christo*,' '*The Three Musketeers*,' and an immense number of other romances, proceeded to Italy with the avowed purpose of becoming the biographer of Garibaldi. He issued a flaming prospectus of his forthcoming work, in which it was announced that it would contain a great many details received directly from Garibaldi himself. An American publisher (who may be heard of in Boston, we are told), conceived the business-like idea of purchasing advance sheets of Dumas' *Life of Joseph Garibaldi*, and succeeded in obtaining a copy of the work in anticipation of its appearance in Paris. It is said that \$500 was the sum paid to Dumas—certainly not a very extravagant amount, but a great deal considering that the book might have been obtained immediately after its publication for nothing.

"The advanced sheets, duly received from France, were immediately placed in the hands of a competent translator, and the Boston publisher prepared to bring out the book with as little delay as possible. But, by the time the first twenty-four pages were translated, a careful 'reader,' well acquainted with 'current literature,' went over them, and speedily discovered that Dumas had simply got some one to make a French translation of Garibaldi's *Autobiography*, edited by Dwight, and published by Barnes and Burr, prefixing a few prefatory remarks of his own to this stolen property. Of course, the translation of Dumas' *Life of Garibaldi* was not proceeded with, and we need scarcely add that the publisher so scandalously cheated by Dumas has not the slightest chance of ever receiving back even a fraction of his \$500."

MR. MURRAY has in the press, and will shortly publish, "*Francis Bacon, Lord-Chancellor of England*," by Hepworth Dixon, being an inquiry into his life and character based on letters and documents hitherto unpublished. This work, though new in form and in material, will contain the substance of the articles which appeared in the *Athenaeum* in January last.

From The Spectator.

MEMORIALS OF THOMAS HOOD.*

THE children of Thomas Hood have wisely chosen to make him as much as possible his own biographer, the means at their disposal for that purpose being not inconsiderable in quantity, and very precious in kind. They consist of letters addressed to intimate friends chiefly during the last ten years of the writer's life, and these the editors have connected together by a modest thread of explanation and comment, derived from their recollections of a father who was the playfellow of their childhood, and who made them his close companions to the last; for say they, "we were never separated for any length of time from our parents, neither of us having been sent to a boarding-school, or in earlier years confined to that edifying Botany Bay—the nursery—where children grow up by the pattern of unwatched, uneducated, hired servants." They have done their work in a thoroughly filial spirit, free from all desire of self-display, and therefore they have done it fittingly, as every judicious reader will thankfully acknowledge.

Thomas Hood was born on the 23d of May, 1799, in the Poultry, where Thomas, his father, who was a Scotchman of cultivated taste, and an author of some popularity in his day, carried on business as a bookseller. Sydney Smith's account of his earliest known progenitor was that he disappeared suddenly and forever in Assize time; and Thomas Hood the Second used to say that as his grandmother was a Miss Armstrong, he was descended from two notorious thieves—Robin Hood and Johnnie Armstrong. Little is known of his early years. Mr. Hessey, who was intimate with his father, recollects him as "a singular child, silent and retired, with much quiet humor, and apparently delicate in health." One droll anecdote of this period of his life has survived many others related by him to his son. He drew the figure of a demon with the smoke of a candle on the staircase ceiling near his bedroom door to frighten his brother. "Unfortunately, he forgot that he had done so, and, when he went to bed, succeeded in terrifying himself into fits almost—while his brother had not observed the picture." At the age of fifteen or sixteen he was articulated to his uncle Mr. Sands, an engraver. His health having suffered from confinement he was sent to a relation in Scotland, where he remained some years and made his first appearance in print; but it was not until the year 1821 that he adopted

* *Memorials of Thomas Hood*. Collected, Arranged, and Edited by his Daughter. With a Preface and Notes by his Son. Illustrated with Copies from his own Sketches. In two volumes. Published by Moxon and Co.

literature as a profession being then engaged as sub-editor of the *London Magazine*, which has passed into the hands of his friends Messrs. Taylor and Hessey. His first contributions to the magazine consisted of humorous notices and answers to correspondents in the "Lion's Head." "The Echo" in Hood's Magazine was a continuation of this idea. Some of the replies to imaginary letters were very quaint—for instance:—

"VERITY. It is better to have an enlarged heart than a contracted one, and even such a hæmorrhage as mine than a spitting of spite."

"A Chapter on Bustles" is under consideration for one of our back-numbers."

"N.N. The most characteristic 'Mysteries of London' are those which have lately prevailed on the land and the river, attended by collisions of vessels, robberies, assault, accidents, and other features of Metropolitan interests. If N.N. be ambitious of competing with the writer, whom he names, let him try his hand at a genuine, solid, yellow November fog. It is dirty, dangerous, smoky, stinking, obscure, unwholesome, and favorable to vice and violence."

Among the contributors to the *London Magazine* was John Hamilton Reynolds, whose sister Hood married, and conjointly with whom he wrote and published anonymously "Odes and Addresses to Great People," which had a great sale, and occasioned no little speculation as to the author. Coleridge unhesitatingly declares that no other man could have written it than Charles Lamb.

"On the 5th of May, 1824, the marriage of my father and mother took place. In spite of all the sickness and sorrow that formed the greatest portion of the after-part of their lives, the union was a happy one. My mother was a woman of cultivated mind and literary tastes, and well suited to him as a companion. He had such confidence in her judgment that he read, and reread, and corrected with her all that he wrote. Many of his articles were first dictated to her, and her ready memory supplied him with his references and quotations. He frequently dictated the first draft of his articles, although they were always finally copied out in his own peculiarly clear and neat writing, which was so legible and good, that it was once or twice begged by printers, to teach their compositors a first and easy lesson in reading handwriting. Of late years, my mother's time and thoughts were entirely devoted to him, and he became restless and almost seemed unable to write unless she were near.

"The first few years of his married life were the most unclouded my father ever knew. The young couple resided for some years in Robert Street, Adelphi. Here was born their first child, which, to their great grief, scarcely survived its birth. In looking over some old papers, I found a few tiny curls of golden hair, as soft as the

finest silk, wrapped in a yellow and time-worn paper inscribed in my father's handwriting:—

"Little eyes that scarce did see,
Little lips that never smiled;
Alas! my little dear dead child,
Death is thy father and not me,
I but embrace thee, soon as he!"

On this occasion, those exquisite lines of Charles Lamb's 'On an infant dying as soon as born,' were written and sent to my father and mother."

In 1826 appeared the first series of "Whims and Oddities" with the following "Dedication to the Reviewers"—

"What is a modern poet's fate?
To write his thoughts upon a slate:
The critic spits on what is done,
Gives it a wipe—and all is gone!"

The first series reached a second edition in the same year, and other works followed in quick succession. In 1831-2, Hood wrote some pieces for the stage, and an entertainment for Charles Mathews the Elder, "who was heard by a friend most characteristically to remark that he liked the entertainment very much, and Mr. Hood too,—but that all the time he was reading it, Mrs. Hood would keep snuffing the candles. This little fidgety observation," says Mrs. Broderip, "very much shocked my mother, and, of course, delighted my father." About this time the Duke of Devonshire asked Hood for a set of titles for a door of sham books for the entrance of a library staircase at Chatsworth, and received a list of about four score among which were, "The Life of Zimmermann. By Himself" (Zimmermann, the author of *Solitude*); "Designs of Friezes. By Captain Parry;" "On the Site of Tully's Offices;" "On Sore Throat and the Migration of the Swallow. By T. Abernethy," etc. Hood was now living in a very pretty little cottage in a pleasant garden on Winchmore Hill, which he quitted in 1832 for Lake House, Wanstead, a beautiful but exceedingly inconvenient old place. It was a bad exchange, and he always regretted it. Much of the scenery and description of his only completed novel, *Tynley Hall*, was taken from Wanstead and its neighborhood. Here, as at Winchmore Hill, his life seems to have passed smoothly enough with the exception of some sharp but comparatively harmless attacks of illness. It was not until 1834 that his pecuniary troubles began and brought with them continual aggravations of his bodily sufferings. He used to make frequent excursions to the sea, for which he had an ardent love, being an expert boatman and a good swimmer, as well as a poet; and he was much amused when one of his contemporaries, in a little sketch of his life, gravely asserted that he had been destined for the

sea, but disliked the great ocean too much to fulfil the intention. The only ground he could imagine for this assertion was that he had written in one of the *Comics* a burlesque account of a landsman's sufferings in a first voyage. Thus is contemporary biography written. The author of another memoir got hold of a bit of truth as to Hood's mental character, but turned it into untruth by overstatement when he said, "we believe his mind to be more serious, than comic; we have never known him laugh heartily either in company or in rhyme." But the queerest blunder was that made by Mr. Horne, when in *The New Spirit of the Age*, by a mistake of a single letter he gave to Mr. Hood the pages descriptive of Mr. Hook, and enriched the self-knowledge of the former with the discovery that he was "a diner-out and a man about town," and that he had given the world "unfavorable views of human nature."

At the end of 1834, Hood suffered a very heavy loss by the failure of a firm, and became involved in pecuniary difficulties. The course he took to extricate himself is thus described in a letter of his own:—

"Emulating the illustrious example of Sir Walter Scott, he determined to try whether he could not score off his debts as effectually and more creditably with his pen than with the legal whitewash or a wet sponge. He had aforesaid realized in one year a sum equal to the amount in arrear, and there was, consequently, fair reason to expect that, by redoubled diligence, economizing, and escaping costs at law, he would soon be able to retrieve his affairs. With these views, leaving every shilling behind him, derived from the sale of his effects, the means he carried with him being an advance upon his future labors, he voluntarily expatriated himself, and bade his native land good-night."

As the readers of *Up the Rhine* are aware, Hood started alone for the Rhineland, and finally fixed his residence at Coblenz, where he was joined by his family. The expatriation was in every way an unfortunate one. He was caught in the fearful and memorable storm of the 4th and 5th of March, 1835, when eleven vessels, including a Dutch East Indiaman, were lost off the coast of Holland; and he attributed much of his subsequent sufferings to the mental and bodily exhaustion which attended this danger. He was disgusted with the Rhinelanders, a mongrel race in whom he discovered all the bad qualities of the French without the good ones of either French or Germans. They were all comprised in two classes, Jew Germans and German Jews. The diet of the country was wretched, and the domestic comforts few; and he found that he and his might have lived in England in the same squalid style for the same money. "It is not pleasant," he says in one of his letters, "nor even a

pecuniary trifle to pay from twenty to thirty per cent *on your whole expenditure* for being an Englishman—and you cannot avoid it; but it is still more vexatious to the spirit and offensive to the mind to be everlastingly engaged in such a petty warfare for the defence of your pocket, and equally revolting to the soul to be unable to repose confidence on the word or honesty of any human being around you.” The only fruit of his visit to Germany which might not as well have been matured in England, was his *Up the Rhine*, the sale of which was spoiled by the dishonesty of his agent. The book is now entirely out of print; why is it suffered to remain so?

Turning his back with delight on Coblenz, Hood went in June, 1837 to Ostend, a place which was very much to his liking until he found himself the victim of its malarious atmosphere, of which he felt the effects as long as he lived. In July or August, 1840, he finally returned to England, utterly broken in health, but as strong in mind and as gallant in spirit as ever. The B—— mentioned in the following extract from a letter, dated February, 1841, was the agent of whom we have already spoken.

“You will be gratified to hear that, without any knowledge of it on my part, the Literary Fund (the members of the committee having frequently inquired about my health, and the B—— business, of Dilke), unanimously voted me £50, the largest sum they give, and, setting aside their standing rules, to do it without my application. I, however, returned it (though it would have afforded me some ease and relief), but for many and well-weighed reasons. I am, however, all the better for the offer, which places me in a good position. It was done in a very gratifying and honorable manner, and I am the first who has said ‘no.’ But I am in good spirits, and hope to get through all my troubles as independently as heretofore.”

In the August of the same year he was made comparatively affluent by succeeding, on the death of Theodore Hook, to the editorship of the *New Monthly*, but he soon resigned it to edit *Hood's Magazine* which began with the year 1844, and ended with its proprietor's life on the 3d of May, 1845. That life had been truly a long disease, aggravated in its last ten years by care and annoyances that “fell with a double weight on the mind overtaken by such constant and harassing occupation.” Very touchingly does his daughter say:—

“The income his works now produce to his children, might *then* have prolonged his life for many years; although when we looked on the calm, happy face after death, free at last from the painful expression that had almost become habitual to it, we dared not regret the rest so long prayed for, and hardly won.”

“... His own family never enjoyed his

quaint and humorous fancies, for they were all associated with memories of illness and anxiety. Although Hood's ‘Comic Annual,’ as he himself used to remark with pleasure was in every house seized upon, and almost worn out by the frequent handling of little fingers, his own children did not enjoy it till the lapse of many years had mercifully softened down some of the sad recollections connected with it. The only article that I can remember we ever really thoroughly enjoyed, was ‘Mrs. Gardiner, a Horticultural Romance,’ and even this was composed in bed. But the illness he was then suffering from was only rheumatic fever, and not one of his dangerous attacks, and he was unusually cheerful. He sat up in bed, dictating it to my mother, interrupted by our bursts of irrepressible laughter, as joke after joke came from his lips, he all the while laughing and relishing it as much as we did. But this was a rare—indeed almost solitary—instance; for he could not usually write so well at any time as at night, when all the house was quiet. Our family rejoicings were generally when the work was over, and we were too thankful to be rid of the harass and hurry, to care much for the results of such labor.”

“... He had, for years past, known, as well as his doctors, his own frail tenure of existence, and had more than once, as he said himself, ‘been so near death's door, he could almost fancy he heard the creaking of the hinges;’ and he was now fully aware that at last his feeble step was on its very threshold. With this knowledge he wrote the following beautiful letter to Sir Robert Peel—worthy of being the last letter of such a man.

“‘Dear Sir,—We are not to meet in the flesh. Given over by my physicians and by myself, I am only kept alive by frequent instalments of mulled port wine. In this extremity I feel a comfort, for which I cannot refrain from again thanking you, with all the sincerity of a dying man,—and at the same time, bidding you a respectful farewell.

“‘Thank God! my mind is composed and my reason undisturbed, but my race as an author is run. My physical debility finds no tonic virtue in a steel pen, otherwise I would have written one more paper—a forewarning one—against an evil, or the danger of it, arising from a literary movement in which I have had some share, a one-sided humanity, opposite to that Catholic Shakspearian sympathy, which felt with king as well as peasant, and duly estimated the mortal temptations of both stations. Certain classes at the poles of society are already too far asunder; it should be the duty of our writers to draw them nearer by kindly attraction, not to aggravate the existing repulsion, and place a wider moral gulf between rich and poor, with hate on the one side and fear on the other. But I am too weak for this task, the last I had set myself; it is death that stops my pen, you see, and not the pension.

“God bless you, sir, and prosper all your measures for the benefit of my beloved country.

“‘I have the honor to be, sir, your most grateful and obedient servant.

“Thos. Hood.”

From The Spectator.

ANGLING AT HOME AND ABROAD.*

THERE are hills beyond Pentland, and streams beyond Forth. The rivers of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Norway, do not monopolize all the salmon fishing of the world. The author of one of the books before us begins his first chapter by laying down this fundamental proposition, that any one who doubts that Canada has its share of the sport is mistaken. He believes there is as good-salmon fishing in Canada as in any other part of the world, "and better, much better, than in a great many highly vaunted countries." His editor is even more emphatic, and declares that on the lakes and rivers of British America frequented by the great maskanonge, salmon, bass, white fish, etc., the fisherman from the old country, would find such scope for his art that home fishing would appear to him very tame ever after. "Take," says the author, "a map of Canada, find out Quebec; then run your eye eastward along the left hand or northern side of the river and Gulf of St. Lawrence; you will see many streams marked there; almost every one of them is a salmon river, and in every one of them that has been fished, excellent sport has been had, and heavy fish killed." It is a pity he did not tell us this a few months earlier in the year, for we ought to have been off from Liverpool on the first Saturday in May in order to arrive at Quebec about the middle of the month, and have time to see that strange old city and its magnificent environs, and to make the necessary preparations for the angling cruise, upon which we should have started about the 10th of June. The salmon-fishing season is generally at its height on the Canadian rivers in the last week of June or the first week of July. We shall, therefore, not see Quebec this year, nor Montreal, chief of Canadian cities, clean, handsome, and solid in appearance, on which a Yankee pronounced his opinion; "Well, I guess it looks like a city that was bought and paid for." One might, perhaps, even yet arrive in time to intercept a few belated "water-angels," as a Yankee writer calls salmon; and even should this hope fail the enthusiastic sportsman, he would have whale fishing in the St. Lawrence to fall back upon, or he might immortalize himself by being the first to drag to shore another ferocious and hitherto uncaptured monster occasionally to be met in that river. Says our author:—

* *Salmon Fishing in Canada.* By a Resident. Edited by Colonel Sir James Edward Alexander, Knt., K.C.L.S., Fourteenth Regiment, Author of "Explorations in America, Africa, etc." With Illustrations. Published by Longman and Co.

"At this moment I have before me an official Report of the Commissioners for exploring the country lying between the Rivers Saguenay, Saint Maurice, and Saint Lawrence," ordered to be printed by the House of Assembly on the 22d of March, 1831. These commissioners are gentlemen of the highest respectability and intelligence, Messieurs Andrew and David Stuart, who would not be likely to be deceived in a matter of the kind, and would be the last men to attempt a deception upon others. At pp. 16 and 17 of their report, are the following words, being an extract from the journal kept upon the occasion:—

"Sunday, August 26th, 1829.—Embarked at seven A.M. to go down to Baie de l'Echaffaud du Basque, or Rivière aux Canards; but, when we reached the Point of Baie des Roches, the wind blew too hard for us to proceed, and we put ashore in a little cove till noon, when we embarked again, and kept close in shore, with the tide and wind in our favor. We had not proceeded far, when we were pursued by a monstrous fish of prey, in consequence of which we put ashore again. The animal was four hours about us, and apparently watching us. It came sometimes within twenty feet of the rock on which we were. It was at least from twenty to twenty-five feet long, and shaped exactly like a pike; its jaws were from five to six feet long, with a row of large teeth on each side, of a yellowish color. It kept itself sometimes for nearly a minute on the surface of the water. At five P.M., seeing nothing more of it we embarked again, keeping close in shore, and at seven P.M. put in for the night at the fishing-but at Echaffaud du Basque. Two men, named Baptiste Simard and Coton Felion, who were on their way to Malbay, hunting for seals, put in at the same time as we did. Thermometer 71°, 77°, and 69°."

This book, besides being full of special, and we doubt not authentic, information, is very amusing, and is adorned with head and tail pieces in an original and highly comic style. The author, an Irishman long resident in Canada, is a capital story-teller, a clever draughtsman, and a parson par-dessus le marché, in proof whereof he actually treats his readers to a sermon—a regular sermon on the text "I go a fishing" (John xxi, 3).

Mr. Simeon, the author of a very pleasant volume of *Stray Notes* teaches his readers not only how to catch all sorts of fish in fresh water and salt, but how to cook a fish when they have caught him.

"There is a way of dressing fish, which may be resorted to by the side of the water with pleasure (and not without advantage should your stock of provisions run short), during the middle of the day, when fish do not generally feed so freely as at the other times, and when your sport is often improved by giving them, as well as yourself, a rest. It is managed as follows: first collect a lot of small dry wood and set it on fire;—when a sufficient quantity of ashes has been thus obtained, which will be soon done,

take a sheet of paper (an old newspaper will do) and wet it thoroughly; shake the drops off it, and then, filling the mouth of your fish with salt, wrap him up in it just as he is, uncleaned, 'simplex immunditiis,' and digging a grave for him in your ash-heap, put him bodily into it, covering him well up afterwards with hot ashes. When you think he ought to be done, allowing from ten minutes to a quarter of an hour according to his size, partially uncover him and tear off a small piece of his winding-sheet. If his skin comes off with it he is sufficiently done, and out with him. Should, however, the paper come off minus the skin, cover him up again, and give him a little more law, until this test shows him to be perfectly done. On being turned out of his envelope, the whole of his skin should adhere to it. As for his inside, you may disregard it altogether, or opening him, turn it out, which you will find there is not the slightest difficulty in doing *en masse*. Pepper and salt him, if you have such condiments by you, and you will only be sorry that your own kitchen does not afford you the means of dressing your fish thus at home."

But why should it not? The ashes of a turf fire might be used for the purpose, and a cheap artificial turf, which would serve for it very well, is hawked about the streets of London for the use of laundresses.

"We have heard of strange modes of dressing food in use amongst uncivilized tribes, but I doubt whether any 'traveller's tales' have ventured on the description of one more eccentric

than the following mode of preparing Skate for the table, the ingenuity of which is only surpassed by its exceeding nastiness, and which I was not a little taken aback at finding adopted in a corner of our own enlightened kingdom. The fish, when cleaned (a somewhat unnecessary preliminary one would think), is buried in wet *horse-dung*, where it is allowed to soak for about twenty-four hours. It is then taken out (washed, we hope), and boiled for the table, when it is presented as 'Sour Skate'—'a varra delecticious dish,' according to my informant, who evidently spoke of it with considerable gusto. If, as has been asserted, the progress of the gastronomic art affords a fair test by which to estimate the march of civilization, what conclusion might not be drawn from this little circumstance with regard to our friends of the Hebrides?

"If some of the Scotch have strange fancies in the matter of diet, their cattle it would seem, occasionally take after them in this respect. I was one day fishing the Ness out of a boat, when I noticed a cow inquisitively examining some things which I had left by the water-side. On landing I found she had been influenced by other motives than those of mere curiosity, having eaten up the whole of one side (the button half) of a new mackintosh. Happening shortly afterwards to meet the miller whose property she was, I exhibited to him the mangled evidence of her misdeeds, expecting at least to meet with something like sympathy for my loss. His sympathies were however all on the other side. He surveyed it for some time in silence and with an air of dejection, and then simply exclaimed, 'Eh, but she'll no be the better o' the buttons.'"

A CELTIC DICTIONARY.—The importance of the Celtic language, and the position which it holds in comparative philology, are now fully recognized by continental scholars, who naturally look to Ireland for the assistance, not to be obtained elsewhere, necessary for the prosecution of such studies. The great want is a dictionary, comprehending the existing remains of the language, and brought out in a creditable and scholarlike manner. To effect this object the committee appointed by the councils of the Irish Archaeological and Celtic Societies are taking active steps, by appealing to the public for support, to carry this laudable undertaking into effect. This support we are confident they will have, not only from those interested in literature, but from the millions of the United Kingdom who claim a Celtic origin. Contributions will be received and acknowledged by Ed-

ward Clibborn, Esq., Royal Irish Academy, 19 Dawson Street, Dublin, to whom post-office orders may be made payable, and a list of subscribers will be published as soon as possible after the 1st of July.

THE *Horticulturist* opens with an essay on Flat Culture, by the editor. By flat culture is meant the method which, in the cultivation of Indian corn, potatoes, beans, etc., keeps the ground between the different clusters of plants perfectly level, instead of forming it into hills. Mr. Mead professes to have fully tried both the flat culture and the hilling system, and gives his decided approval to the former. Its advantages are that it requires less labor, admits of a more thorough cultivation of the soil, lessens the evil of drought, admits of the use of the most improved agricultural implements, and presupposes a thorough preparation of the soil.